Liberty

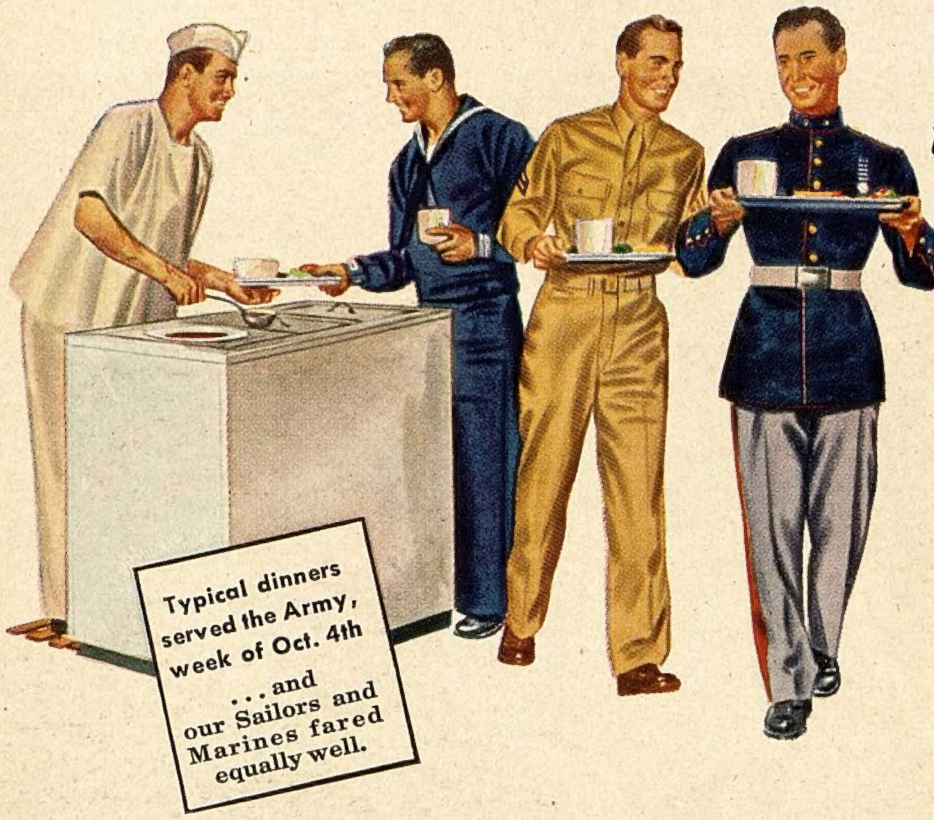
SEPT. 26, 1942 10¢

SO YOU THINK HITLER HASN'T BLUNDERED?

BY MAJOR GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

Seymour Ball

Meet the best fed fighters in the world—



Typical dinners served the Army, week of Oct. 4th . . . and our Sailors and Marines fared equally well.

the U. S. Soldier, Sailor and Marine!

Not one man in ten ate as nourishing, well balanced meals at home as he does in the U. S. Armed Forces today.

You could be proud to serve meals like these on company occasions—but the Army gets them for dinner every day. They show what care Uncle Sam takes of a son, husband or friend in the service today.

Because meat is as important as fighting weapons to a soldier's stamina and morale, the U. S. Quartermaster Corps sees that every man gets a pound of meat every day.

That means Armour and Company and other packers are shipping millions of pounds of meat *every day* to the Army alone! Besides Armour is supplying tons of meats and dairy products daily for our allies through lend-lease.

That's why you may find temporary shortages in certain meats at home—but our boys in service haven't felt any delays or shortages. The 3 billion dollar plants of the meat industry went to work for Uncle Sam the day war struck. We are glad that Armour and Company, manufacturers of Star Meats and Cloverbloom dairy products, is big enough to help this vital program in an important way.

SUNDAY

ROAST CHICKEN with brown gravy for Sunday dinner! Served with noodle soup, candied sweet potatoes, broccoli and raw carrot strips, buttered Parker House rolls. Ice cream for dessert. Cocoa. Each soldier's portion averaged a full pound of roast chicken.

MONDAY

FRANKFURTERS with Spanish Sauce. A ⅓ pound portion served each man, with potato cakes and buttered string beans. Orange-grapefruit salad. Bread, butter and coffee. Rice raisin pudding for dessert. The Army's menus are balanced by expert dietitians.

TUESDAY

BARBECUED SPARERIBS and sauerkraut. ½ pound of spareribs for each soldier, topped off with mashed potatoes. Mixed vegetable salad. Bread, butter and tea. Butterscotch meringue pie. Armour supplies a big share of the Army's prime quality pork.

WEDNESDAY

BAKED CORNED BEEF with horse-radish sauce, a generous ½ pound portion for each man. Also potatoes au gratin, buttered peas, celery. Bread, butter and coffee. Peach cobbler. Soldiers can have second helpings of everything in these Army menus.

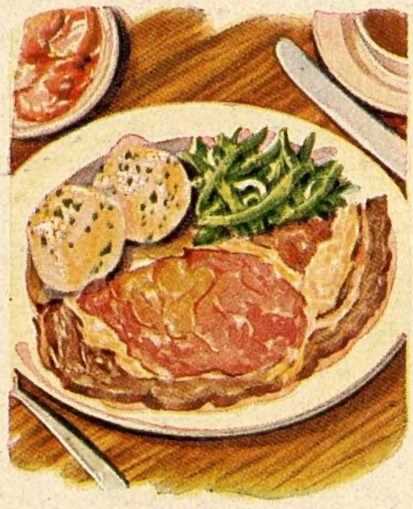
THURSDAY

SWISS STEAK with gravy—and each soldier's portion averaged 3/5 of a pound. Baked browned potatoes, buttered carrots, pepper hash. Bread, butter and cocoa. For dessert, apple turnovers with sweet sauce! Steak is a big favorite with men in the Army.

FRIDAY

BAKED FISH with tartar sauce—a generous ⅓ pound serving for each soldier. Balance of dinner includes parsley potatoes, buttered peas, cole slaw. Bread, butter and tea. And chocolate layer cake for dessert. Pastries are "home made" by Army cooks.

SATURDAY



ROAST BEEF with brown gravy. Also split pea soup, parsley potatoes, stewed tomatoes. String bean salad. Pumpkin pie, coffee. For this war the Quartermaster Corps and packers have developed a new *boneless* beef that is easier to handle and keep.

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IT WAS NICE SEEING YOU... *LET'S GET TOGETHER AGAIN SOMETIME*

(*and was that the baloney*)

JIM agreed, "We sure will, Ed! It's a grand idea!" He really believed what Ed said. He was too new to New York to fathom its true meaning . . . he didn't suspect that it was a sort of polite way of discouraging any further meeting.

It was certainly a swell break, he thought, running into Ed after twenty years and lunching together. What fun it was tracing down old high school friends, and laughing over old, gay times. More than that, Jim realized of what tremendous help to him in business a man in Ed's position could be. Ed was pretty high up, had wonderful contacts... could open a lot of doors.

Just imagine how easy it would be for him to pick up the phone and call the President of Consolidated, for example, and say, "Frank, I'm sending over an old high school friend of mine. He's got a proposition that will interest you." And how simple it would be for Ed to give the nod to the Membership Committee of clubs he might wish to join for business reasons.

Jim was perfectly right: Ed *could* do a lot of things for him in New York. And Ed *would* have done them, too, but for one thing, seemingly small yet how big! *Jim had irritated him so all through the luncheon* that the pleasure of old acquaintanceship turned into actual resentment. How could he send a fellow with *that* trouble in to see his friends? And he couldn't very well recommend him to a club where the social graces came first.

Don't Risk it Yourself

Talk to most business men and they are likely to tell you of countless times when some objectionable habit, some mild dislike, has influenced a business situation unfavorably. Most men whose employees must deal with the public will readily admit that, other things being equal, the person with a fresh, clean breath gets the call over one whose breath is objectionable. No doubt of it: halitosis (bad breath) is a strike against you—whether you're an occasional offender or a frequent one.

You yourself may not realize the presence of this objectionable offense. Isn't it foolish to risk offending others socially or in business when Listerine Antiseptic offers such a delightful and easy precaution?

Makes Breath Sweeter

While sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis, in the opinion of some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors that it causes. Your breath becomes fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

When you wish to be at your best, never, never omit Listerine. Use at night and morning and between times before business and social appointments.

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You're the exception
if YOU don't like the
delightful new
LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for oral hygiene

WONDERS OF AMERICA
War Clouds!
HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE DOING WAR WORK, DAD?
YOU OUGHT TO KNOW, CHUBBINS, YOU'RE PRETTY BUSY AT IT YOURSELF
THERE'S ALADDIN AND HIS LAMP
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, ALADDIN AND HIS LAMP?
A BATTERY OF THESE LITTLE DEVICES CREATE AN ENORMOUS WALL OF SMOKE TO SCREEN TROOP MOVEMENTS
THAT SCREEN CAN TRIPLE THE ATTACK EFFECTIVENESS OF A REGIMENT
IS THE SMOKE IN THOSE GRAY CONTAINERS NOW?
NO – BUT THE SMOKE-PRODUCING CHEMICALS ARE
I'VE ALWAYS FELT THAT THE BEST SMOKE COMES OUT OF A HANDY RED POCKET CAN
HA! HA! THAT'S RIGHT – PRINCE ALBERT SMOKES ARE THE MILDEST YET THE MOST FRAGRANT I KNOW
NOW HE'S REMOVING THE SAFETY PINS FROM THE SHELLS. ALL THE GUNS ARE ELECTRICALLY CONTROLLED
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina
WOULDN'T THE ENEMY BE WARNED BY THE SMOKE THAT AN ATTACK WAS COMING?
OF COURSE – BUT THEY WOULDN'T KNOW ON WHAT SPOT TO TRAIN THEIR GUNS. THAT'S THE POINT IN LAYING A SMOKE-SCREEN
PRINCE ALBERT FOR RICH TASTE WITHOUT BITE – IT'S NO-BITE TREATED!
P.A. IS CRIMP CUT, TOO, FOR EASIER PACKING, DRAWING – AND ROLLING!
THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE PRINCE ALBERT – IT'S THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE
PRINCE ALBERT HELPS A PIPE TO CAKE UP BETTER. NO WONDER PIPES SMOKE MILDER!
AND P.A. PUTS THE REAL PLEASURE IN ROLLED SMOKES, TOO – BETTER-TASTING, EASIER-ROLLING
50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET CAN OF PRINCE ALBERT
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CRIMP CUT
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IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED 86 DEGREES COOLER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED – COOLEST OF ALL!
PRINCE ALBERT

THIS WEEK

SEPTEMBER 26, 1942

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COVER BY SEYMOUR BALL

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NEXT WEEK

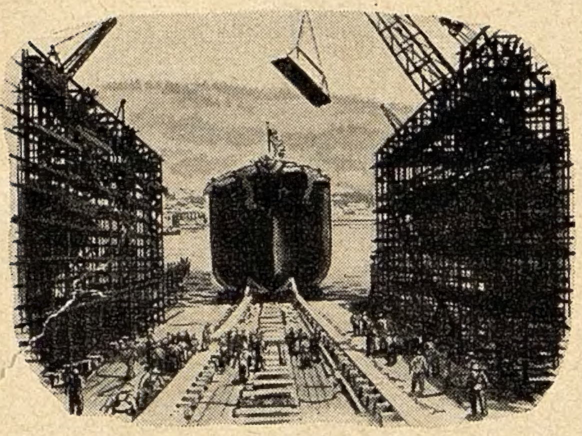
OCTOBER 3, 1942

WHAT BILLY MITCHELL REALLY SAID

It is well known that Brigadier General William Mitchell was a forthright champion of the importance of air power, and that his outspokenness brought him court martial and the end of his military career. But the uncanny foresight with which he called the turn on fighting methods today is not generally realized—and it's amazing! Liberty brings you an electrifying reminder next week.

30,000 BELLYACHES WORKING FOR VICTORY

What sets world records in shipbuilding, as the U. S. A. is doing? "It's bellyaching!" says Mel Arnold in a lively, humorous, admiring close-up of some "irrepressible Oregon workmen" who are turning out ships these days at a staggering clip. You will live and laugh with them when you read this piece—and you'll get a patriotic thrill.



THE CANNIBAL AND THE PARSON

Zeke the Cannibal was a bronze-brown savage from near New Zealand. He came to Cape Cod, Massachusetts, on a whaling brig, and settled down. And what he did to the folks of a demure New England town! A quaint and chucklesome story by Jack Leonard.

AND: Another of those unusual Liberty sports articles—Mother's Gamble, by Roger Birtwell. . . . First aid for our new kind of career girls, the war workers—Outwit That Fatigue! by Phoebe Radcliffe. . . . Heartening words from England—Children Can Take It, by Katharine Roberts. . . . Fiction by Sidney Herschel Small, Stanley Paul, and others. . . . And more—no room to tell you here. See you next week!

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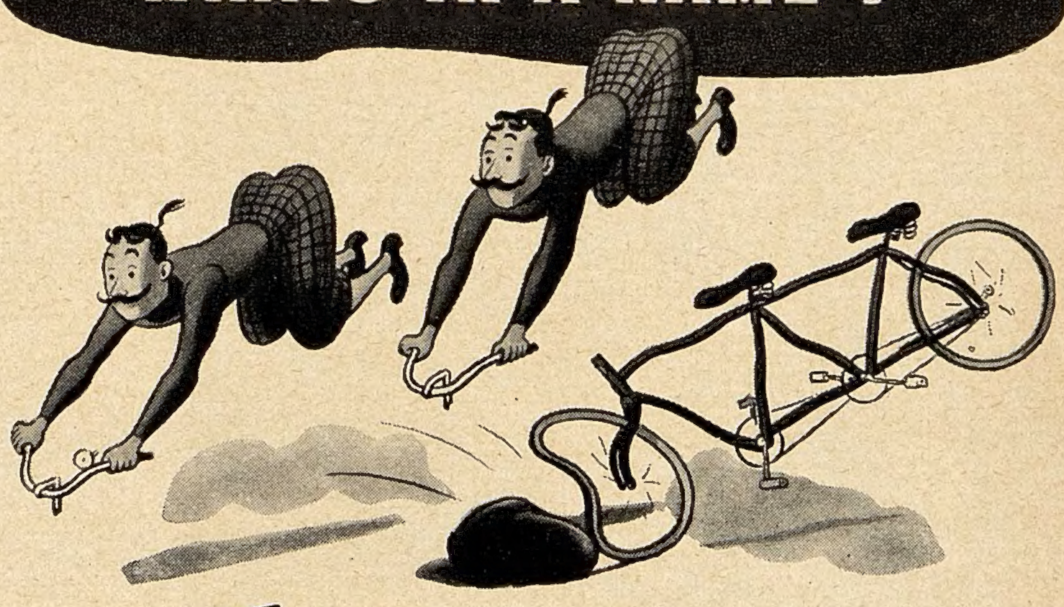
WHAT'S IN A NAME ?



THOMAS means "a twin"

LAWRENCE
means "laurel crowned"

Richard Decker

ANN
means "grace"

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ETHYL CORPORATION
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The meanings and origins of over 700 masculine and feminine names are given in the fascinating illustrated booklet, "What's in a Name?" It's free—no obligation—just mail coupon.

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WE, THE PEOPLE
Liberty
SEPT. 26, 1942

He Won't Be

AND you in Washington are wondering whether We, the People, know that we ar in the midst of a war.

Day before yesterday he shook hands with the elevator man.

The elevator man said, "When are you goin'?"

And he said, "Day after tomorrow."

And that was his complete formality, his tota gesture, as he walked out of a somewhere in a life that was known, and into a nowhere of a lif that was unknown and a future that is blind.

Upstairs in the office there is an empty desk Downstairs in the shipping room a ball of twin has been tossed into a box for the last time. Ove in the factory a hat has been hung against th wall.

Last night he cracked a lot of jokes at th table. He tried to make it easier for the rest o us.

Today he went away, with nobody making fuss over him. No bands on the street. No kissin at the train. He just sort of disappeared.

And he won't be home for dinner tonight.

He is going by the hundreds of thousan from every city and town and village in Ameri He is our brother, our son, and, quite frequentl our dad.

And still a lot of you people at our nation' headquarters are wondering whether We, th People, fully realize that we are in the midst of war.

You sit there wondering what our reaction will be to a sugar ration, whether you dare cu down on our coffee, when you have cut out ou kid, and whether you hadn't better wait unt after election before cutting down on our ga

In one column of our paper we read that ther are terrible shortages in innumerable lines, an that drastic curtailment must be made if we ar to win this war.

And in another column we read that probabl nothing "drastic" will be done until after th elections.

And how do you think we feel about that?

As this is being written, in one column o

"Liberty is not the right of one, but of all." HERBERT SPENCER

Home for Dinner Tonight

our paper we read that the next forty days will tell the story of the war. If Russia can last, we have a chance; if Russia fails, God knows what will happen to the world. Plea after plea comes for a second front to aid our allies. But right in the next column we read that our military authorities are becoming *"irritated"* at all this talk about a second front.

We, the People, don't know the first solitary thing about whether there should or should not be—or can or cannot be—a second front. We are not trying to sit in judgment on the men who are running this war. But we do know that somebody should shut up or speak up. Somebody in authority should speak with authority and clear our minds.

★ ★ ★

AGAIN, as we write, a man of authority comes to Washington saying that he can build cargo planes that will alleviate the loss of ships. And in our newspapers we have been reading, time and again, that the enemy is sinking our ships faster than we can build them. Nobody seems to question that he can build these cargo planes as he says he can. Yet this man is held in Washington day after day, week after week, by one committee after another—Congressional and Naval—while an endless debate goes on.

We, the People, do not know whether these planes should be built or not. We do not assume to be an authority on cargo planes. We do not presume to sit in judgment regarding the allocation of materials, nor to decide whether or not the building of cargo planes will reduce the building of bomber planes. But we do begin to wonder, as this endless committee stuff goes on day after day and week after week, just *what is* going on.

★ ★ ★

AGAIN and yet again and yet again, things like this keep surging into our minds, disturbing our thinking. Yes, *we* know that there is a war. But do *you* know it? The debates have been provocative, the launchings have been beautiful, the ceremonies have been fine. But there's a whale of a proposition that this country is facing. And it calls for action now.

One keeps thinking of the old whaling story. The cook on the whaling ship had died—you remember. It was Sunday morning, the sea was quiet, and the captain decided to give him a grand burial. The crew was assembled forward. The captain got out his Bible and settled down to a long and beautiful ceremony. But just as he was in the midst of the opening passage, the lookout in the crow's-nest yelled:

"Whale astern!"

And, you remember, the captain yelled, "All hands aft! Throw the lubber overboard and man the boats!"

There's a whale astern, gentlemen. And it's time to stop the palaver and man the boats.

★ ★ ★

DON'T think We, the People, can't take anything you have to hand out. And don't for a minute get it into your minds that we don't know there is a war going on. Our skies are clear—yes; and maybe your technique has kept them clear. Our land is free; and maybe your farsightedness has kept it free. Even in this gravest moment in the history of our civilization, when our sons and brothers and husbands and fathers are walking into an unknown so grave that we do not dare to think, even now in our blackest hour, we do not presume to question your knowledge as to what is best to do, or how to do it.

But we do most seriously question the eternal committees and councils that are permitted to dawdle on. We question your fixed idea that you are the ones to determine whether or not We, the People, realize that we are in the midst of a war. And, above all, we question your grimly determined idea that you are the ones to decide how much We, the People, should know or should not know, how much we can take or cannot take.

He won't be home for dinner tonight. And your worry about our rationing cards would begin to be funny if it weren't pitiful.

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Make way
War's on the wires

Army, Navy and war industry *must* have quick communication.

It takes a lot of telephone calls to move a million men or make munitions — 12,000 calls, for example, to make a bomber.

As the war effort speeds up, the load on telephone wires grows. We can't build new lines to carry it because copper, nickel and rubber are shooting, not talking, materials right now.

But what we can do is make the most of what we have. You can help if you will not make any Long Distance calls unless they are really necessary. Even on these, please be as brief as you can.

The call you save today may speed a plane or tank to the fighting front.

WAR CALLS
COME FIRST

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

SO YOU THINK HITLER HASN'T BLUNDERED?

Five mistakes that made history! A military expert gives you the score and ponders what might have been

BY MAJOR GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

WE have had so much talk about the blunders, confusions, and delays of our own government and of the governments of our allies in this war, as opposed to the perfect co-ordination and matchless efficiency of our enemies, that we are in danger of acquiring an inferiority complex. It may do us good to reflect on some of the blunders our chief enemy has made—blunders that are already irreparable, blunders that have once more destroyed the passionate German vision of world domination.

It is Adolf Hitler who is chiefly responsible for these blunders. Some of his subordinates may have contributed to them, but his power of final decision fixes on him the responsibility, and history will not fail to assign that responsibility correctly.

Most of these blunders have had their origin in a fundamental inability correctly to appraise the strengths of other peoples. Hitler and his advisers understand the weaknesses of their opponents all too well, but they have never given proper weight to the corresponding strengths. This is a mental lapse inherent in the German mentality, but in Hitler it is exaggerated because of his overweening belief in his own powers—a belief which has been blown up to unbelievable proportions by the successes he has enjoyed.

During the period of undeclared war, from 1933 to 1939, Hitler came to believe that he could do anything he chose without any one daring to oppose him by violence. There is very little doubt that he believed firmly that he could dismember Poland without having to go to war with France and Great Britain, just as he had already annexed Austria and overrun Czechoslovakia without having to go to war. Certainly the prompt declarations of war from London and Paris came as a great shock to the German people, on the testimony of the American correspondents who were there at the time. I do not label this, however, as one of Hitler's major blunders. His first great blunder was to come in the following year, after the defeat of France.

THE FIRST BLUNDER—BRITAIN

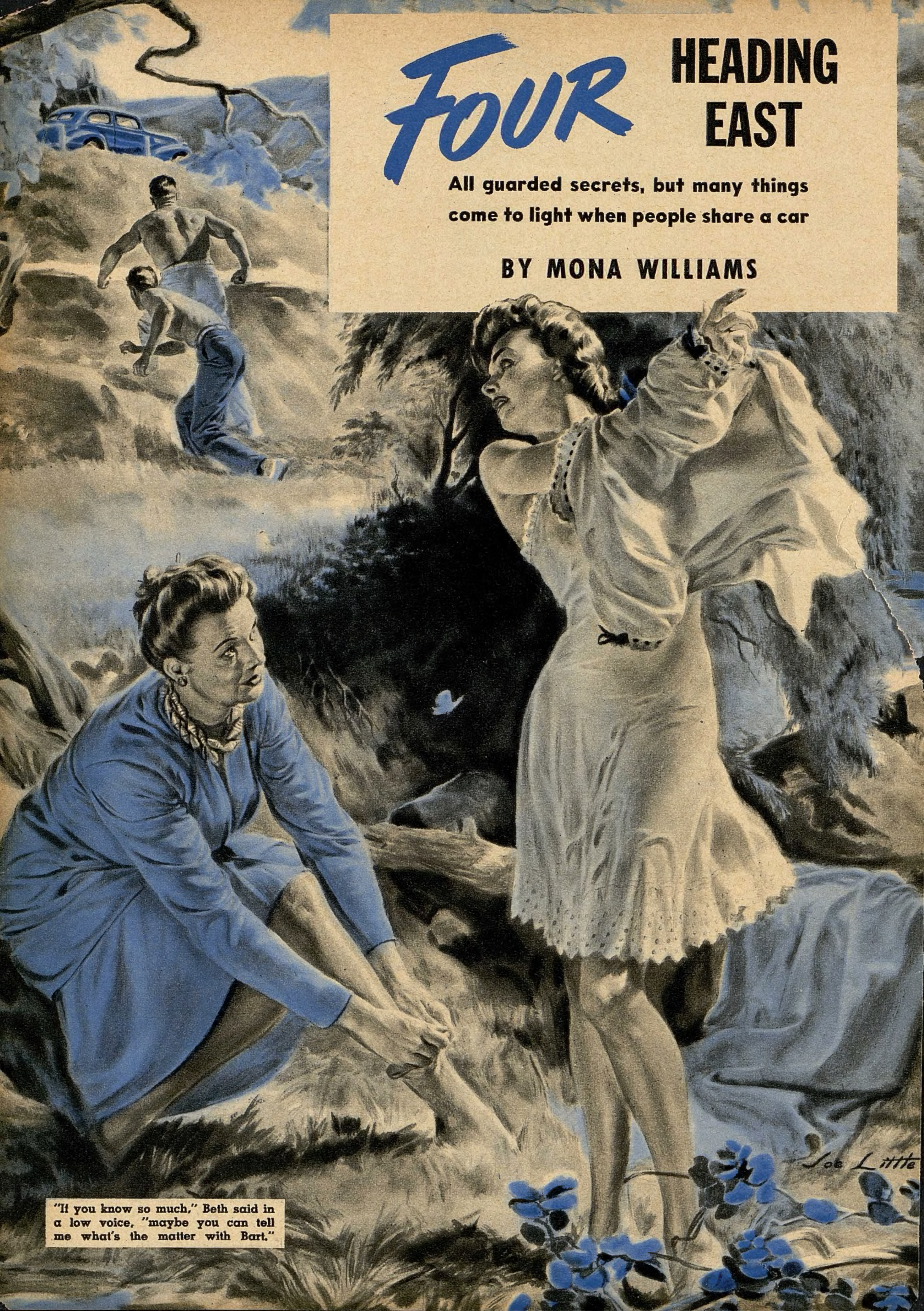
WHEN France capitulated in June, 1940, victorious Germany had but one remaining enemy in the field against her — the British Commonwealth of Nations. Of this commonwealth, the island of Great Britain was the heart. But for the moment it was almost an unprotected heart. Save for the British fleet, a great part of which was in the Mediterranean, and the Fighter Command of the Royal Air Force, Britain was defenseless. Her only army had straggled back from Dunkirk decimated and disarmed. The Bomber Command was in its infancy. There should have been no doubt in any German mind that so favorable a moment for attacking Britain would never come again. Any one who knew the British people would know that they would waste not

(*Continued on page 39*)

FOUR HEADING EAST

All guarded secrets, but many things come to light when people share a car

BY MONA WILLIAMS



"If you know so much," Beth said in a low voice, "maybe you can tell me what's the matter with Bart."

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

THE girl was late. They had been told to meet here—at Jones' Service Station on Colfax and Vine—at nine sharp. Now the clock over the showcase of canned motor oil and soft drinks said 9.20. The girl, Stella Griffin thought, could get away with it because she was young and very pretty. She knew the men would wait for her.

Stella leaned against the sweat-stained plush of the discarded car seat that served as a waiting bench, and crossed her other knee to ease herself against a tight corset and the hot morning. She didn't think this about the girl bitterly, because once she had had her own fun. She'd been young and slim, and it hadn't made any difference where she slept or woke up, or how hard she worked, or how often she was left stranded when a show closed—life had had flavor and expectancy. But she had been trouping now for thirty years, and she had been in so many places that they had blurred together in her mind.

Stella looked out into the hot August morning. She remembered that this was Denver, Colorado, and that in a few minutes she was going to get into a car and start across the country again—maybe for the last time.

Through the heat-shimmering glass she could see the two men standing by the car outside. The young sandy lean one, with the cool eyes and quick capable hands, was Bart Drury—the kid with the car. He was the one who had put the ad in the paper: YOUNG MAN WITH '38 CAR DRIVING EAST—SHARE EXPENSE THREE PASSENGERS—LEAVING TUESDAY MORNING.

STELLA felt she knew Bart pretty well by now because she'd had ten minutes' conversation with him yesterday morning at the Acme Share Expense Travel Bureau. That is, she knew him well enough to have discovered that something was bothering him, and that all he cared about right now was to get this trip over as cheaply and painlessly and speedily as possible. And that was strange, because, although he seemed to be in such a hurry, Stella could see that he had no real desire to get wherever it was he was going.

The other man's name was Sisco, and when Stella's eyes moved on to him, they narrowed a shade. Sisco was young too, but his great bulk made him look older. He had a short blunt nose like an animal's, and a darkly burned skin. His eyes were light, and watched everything, until you looked straight at him—then they were somewhere else.

Bart had signed up Sisco yesterday, just before the girl came in, and that is why he had hesitated about her. Stella had sat and watched her own thoughts going through Bart's head. They had both been too aware of Sisco's interest in the girl.

Bart had leaned against the desk and looked thoughtfully, appreciatively, warily at the girl.

"If I cut you in on this trip," he had said, "I'm asking for trouble out loud—and I'm just crazy enough to do it."

"Thanks," the girl had said demurely, but there wasn't anything really demure about her. She knows what he means, all right, Stella thought. She's been whistled at on street corners since she was twelve.

She had tossed back the bright russet bush of her hair, and her lashes had lifted to Bart's face. "It shouldn't take over three days, should it? If we drive straight through without stopping? I've got to be in Washington Friday."

"We'll drive tonight and tomorrow night," Bart said, "if any of you are good enough to take over while I sleep. Thursday night we're stopping for a real bed and a wash. I've got to be in my right mind when I get to Baltimore."

"Friday night at the latest," the girl said, "or I charter a plane."

"You must be in a hurry," Sisco said softly, expectantly, but before she had time to answer Stella had done it for her:

"Sure—we're all in a hurry, and we're all broke. If we weren't, we wouldn't be here. We'd be traveling de luxe, separately wrapped in chromium cubicles. Well—that's out. We're going to get awful well acquainted with each other's faces in the next three days, but what goes on behind 'em still travels private, and no questions asked."

"Amen," Bart had said, and Stella had thought, That goes for all of them. No matter how much idle curiosity's lying around, none of them are going to do any excavating, if it means taking down their own hair.

Me, she asked herself—what have I got to hide? She was a trouper, an entertainer. She'd offered her services to the U. S. O. and had been turned down—so, all right, she was going to do nursing. She'd got her certificate, and now she was going to see North Ireland. You washed up in one line because you got a little thick in the ankles, and you took up another where ankles don't count. She was glad she had found her particular niche in this war, but she didn't feel like talking about it.

THERE was a smudge of lipstick on her collar. She tried to rub it off with a cleaning tissue, and when she looked up again she saw that the girl had come.

Bart was pretending to be annoyed at her tardiness—maybe he was annoyed. As Stella came out he was saying shortly, "O. K. Sisco, you and Mrs. Griffin in back. Miss Murray, up in front, please."

Sisco didn't move toward the car. He leaned back against the gas pump and folded his arms. His light eyes traveled insolently across Bart.

"You kind of have an idea you're running this show, don't you? Suppose we let Miss Murray decide where she sits."

Bart slammed the trunk rack shut. "Listen, you—and this goes for everybody. I *am* running this show. You're all paying for transportation, but that doesn't include reserved seats. I've got a typewriter and a couple of duffel bags in front. Miss Murray happens to be somewhat smaller than either of you, so that's the way we check in. We'll switch around for variety later. Any objections?"

He opened the back door and Stella got in. The girl looked back toward Sisco.

"Come on," she said. Her voice was both scornful and provocative. "There's a whole lot of miles ahead to talk this all over."

Sisco got in. Stella settled back and loosened the jacket of her splashy print dress. "Well," she remarked, sighing a little, "the tryout's promising. But I think maybe I'd be more comfortable watching this little drama from out front than to ride with it for three days and nights."

Nobody said anything. The car moved out of the drive and slowly along Colfax. The houses along the broad street became fewer toward the city's end, and ahead a thin concrete finger pointed toward the east.

Bart steadied the blue sedan into the right lane, lifted the speedometer to 45, and kept it there.

IT wasn't until they had crossed the state line into Kansas, about three in the afternoon, that Bart had felt they were really under way. Some tension had gone out of him then, and he had felt an impulse to talk. But what Mrs. Griffin had said still held. The four people in the blue car knew only two solid facts about each other: they were all broke, and all in a hurry to get East. You couldn't build much of a conversation on that.

Once, somewhere in western Kansas, the girl had volunteered, "I'm sorry I was late this morning. I was worried that I might get left."

Bart had kept his eyes on the road. "Not very worried. Girls like you don't get left."

"Are you flattering me?"

"I'm not telling you anything you don't know."

"I'm sorry, anyway. I had a little trouble getting away."

That sounded like an invitation. But before he could pick it up she had gone on, with a faint nod toward the back seat, "Are you going to let Superman drive?"

"I don't know. Do you advise it?"

"He looks capable of handling anything short of a battleship."

Bart said in a low voice, "That include me?"

"No."

He had turned and looked at her then, and she had smiled. The smile must have done him good, because he had fished out cigarettes and passed them around in the back seat.

Sisco had been dozing. He was sprawled out, his legs taking up most of the floor space. Stella Griffin was wedged into a corner, calmly watching the scenery.

(*Continued on page 34*)

USTRATED BY JOE LITTLE

Prelude to invasion! . . . A vivid account of one of the war's strangest adventures

I FIGHT WITH THE COMMANDOS

BY ONE OF THEM *as told to* ALAN HYND

II—The Land of the Living Dead

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THIS Commando member's name must be withheld by Liberty as a military secret. Last week he told the whole story of his first Commando raid, told of the Spartan training and the minutely thorough rehearsals that qualify the Commandos for their "stunts," and began telling of his part in a daybreak raid last December on Maaloy, off the coast of Norway. As the raiders' barges neared shore under a hailstorm of Nazi machine-gun fire, he heard bagpipes skirling. The piper was a Scottish major; his playing and his shout of "We'll make it, lads!" were inspiriting to all on board. Then the man who tells the story noticed blood trickling down the major's face.

THE major took his left hand from the bagpipes and wiped the blood off. Now I saw that his hand was bleeding, too. Apparently he had been shot twice, in the hand and in the head. He saw me staring at him, and shouted, "It's not much, my lad—nothing a week in the infirmary won't fix up when we get back!" The color seemed to be draining from his face, and I knew that he was seriously wounded. I had witnessed this same miracle in Dunkirk several times: men wounded to the point of death fighting like demons for hours on end, seeming to draw on some bottomless well of energy denied to mortals in everyday life. Then, when it was all over, they had died.

The major began to blow on the bagpipes again. We were now only a few hundred feet from the steep rocky shore. The machine gunners were still missing us. That wasn't too remarkable, for we were all crouched down in our flat-bottom boat, and they were waiting until we were practically under them to give it to us good.

Why they were missing the major, though, was beyond me—for there he was, still standing rigidly erect for all his six feet and two inches, furiously advertising himself as a perfect target as the skirl of his pipes seemed to grow even louder.

Now he stopped blowing on them and began to laugh. "Know why they can't hit me?" he asked in a bellow that all of us could hear above the roar of the R. A. F. overhead and the machine and antiaircraft guns on shore. "I'm unnerving the Hun ———s!"

As the skirl of the pipes started once more, our planes arrived over us right on schedule, banked, and then flew low, parallel to the water's edge. In almost less time than it takes to tell about it they dropped a thick curtain of black smoke that reached from the ground to more than a hundred feet in the air. It was several hundred yards wide, so that all of our boats were effectively screened from the shore gunners. The smoke, from a specially devised chemical for such occasions as this, just hung there as if it had been attached to a rod in mid-air.

Last-minute weather reports had advised the raiding party that there would be very little wind to disturb the smoke curtain, and those reports had been very accurate, we saw now.

The major left his pipes in the boat when we reached shore, and disappeared into the thick pall with his men.

I was a sergeant by this time, and I had a company of ten. Our first job was to ascend a rocky slope near where we landed, clean out the machine-gun nests on the ledge overlooking the water, then make ready for an attack on the Hun barracks a hundred feet from the bottom of a slope on the land side.

The R. A. F. had dropped smoke on the ledge, too, and that gave us a distinct advantage. We knew, from long study of scale models of the ledge, just where to go to get the gunners. The gunners, on the other hand, suddenly finding the air black all around them, had no way of knowing from which direction we would strike.

When we reached the ledge, we split up. Five men went one way and five the other, with instructions to clean up as they went along, then come back and meet at the starting point. I got out my tommy gun and went after the hidden machine gunners that had hit the major. I had with me a device that enabled me to see my way through the smoke pretty well but which, on the other hand, as I knew, didn't betray my presence. I wasn't long in locating the gunners. There were three of them, manning two guns that were silent now because there were no visible targets to shoot at. The Huns were chattering away nervously, seeming not to know what to do. It was another case of a Jerry running into something not on the timetable; he was stumped.

Those three Huns weren't in a quandary long, though. I cut them down with my tommy gun, then waited to find out how my men were doing. I heard quick squirts of fire from tommy guns every now and then, and although I couldn't see what was going

on, I knew things were coming along all right.

Within fifteen minutes we had wiped out every nest on the ledge and taken over the guns. We had brought extra ammunition for the guns with us, but that wasn't necessary. There was plenty alongside of the bodies.

The smoke was beginning to lift. The rest of our landing party had by this time reached positions for an attack on the barracks, where we expected to find at least a hundred Jerries.

From my post at a machine gun on the ledge I could see the main door of the barracks. We on the ledge were awaiting a signal for the attack from the C. O. The stunt was to move on the barracks—a single-story temporary wooden building—from all four sides so that nobody would get out of there alive. We would all be out in the open during the advance. It never occurred to any of us—it didn't to me, I am sure—that we might be cut down. The major and his bagpipes had done something to us.

Just as we were all tensed for the attack signal, the main door of the barracks opened and a single German soldier came out. Through the lifting smoke he ran in a straight line for the base of the land-side slope that I was looking down on. I held my fire, for I wanted to see what this fellow was up to.

He kept coming straight forward, and then he literally disappeared beneath me. I couldn't see where he went. It seemed almost as if he had vanished into the base of the slope.

We all held our fire. I attached my toggle-and-eye rope to a piece of jutting stone near the ledge, and slid down the slope toward the spot where the Jerry had disappeared I was surprised to find an opening in the side of the hill. I got out a grenade. In German—bad German—I called for whoever was inside to come out before I blasted him out with that grenade. I got no answer. I called again. Still there was no answer.

I CALLED up to my men, in English, to stay where they were and give me a covering fire if anybody else came out of the barracks to get me. I was going inside this hole in the slope.

I went through a long dark passageway and presently found myself in a huge artificially illuminated natural cave. I had expected to find one man, the Jerry who had run from the barracks. I found him—and fourteen others. The commanding officer had fixed up his private office in this cave under the rocky slope. He was sitting there at his desk, an overbearing, square-headed pig of a man who had introduced hell on earth to the people of the island of Maaloy. Grouped around him were the fourteen others, apparently members of his staff.

I looked quickly from one to another. They all seemed to be heavily armed. But they were doing nothing about me—just standing there looking at me with blank faces. I couldn't figure it out. Certainly the natural thing for one of them to do to a loner in their midst would have been to shoot him down.

Then the truth suddenly dawned on me. These fifteen, including the C. O., were *scared*. They figured that if they began shooting they might kill me but would never themselves get out of there alive—because they thought they were greatly outnumbered outside the cave. Apparently each of them had put himself in my place and decided that he would never have done what I was doing unless he'd been backed up by a strong force.

I tried to act very unconcerned, in view of the way the wind was blowing. I remembered that I was still holding my grenade, and I put it away. I figured that little gesture would add to my stature in the cave. Apparently it did, for nobody made a move.

Then I began to act somewhat arrogant, thinking the situation called for that. I walked over to the C. O.'s desk and began looking at some papers he had in front of him. In German—bad German again—I snapped to him that I would be taking them with me. When I stuffed them in my pocket, he just looked up at me with a mixture of hatred and fear, and continued to do nothing. He was the key man, our prize. It was obvious to me that he was a coward, and that everybody else in the room was taking instructions from him.

I had one ear cocked all the time for firing outside. The silence told me that nobody else had come out of the barracks yet. Two or three minutes had passed. I was in something of a quandary. I knew that my bride back in England would be a widow the in-

A Commando member helping others black their faces.

That daylight raid on Maaloy and Vaagsö: Commando reinforcements go in under fire.

A Bren gunner on Maaloy ready for action. "Huns" coming his way will be perforated.

The first part of the stunt done, and well, some raiders return to their b

stant any of these Huns found out they were being foxed. It would never do to let any of them outside of that cave while they were still armed. If that happened, they would see through their mistake and my little performance, and I'd get it for fair.

I thought it would be safe and quite impressive to turn my back to them. So I did, and walked to the mouth of the cave, which they couldn't see from where they were. I barked out a lot of orders, as if at least a couple of hundred men were right outside, then walked back.

Now I began to speak German again. I told the C. O. to put his automatic on his desk and take a position against the wall. He quickly obeyed, glad, apparently, to get a chance to surrender rather than have to fight it out. One by one, the fourteen others followed suit. Then I got out my tommy gun, pointed it at them, and had them march in single file to the mouth of the cave. I went outside first and they came out one by one.

They came out with their hands in the air. You've never seen such surprised expressions on human faces as there were on those fifteen Hun maps when they got outside and discovered that I had been alone all the time. I think any of them would have given five years of his life for the pleasure of killing me.

NOW another danger popped up. Maybe the soldiers in the barracks would see what was going on and start blazing at me. If that happened, some or all of my precious prisoners would escape while I had to take to cover.

I gave a couple of orders, the gist of which was that the C. O. and his staff must climb the slope to where the rest of my men were. They showed signs of balking at this until one of our blokes, looking down at what was going on, leaned over the ledge with a tommy gun that lent great persuasion.

It didn't take long now for them to make the ascent to the ledge, although it seemed long to me. My back was to the barracks, and I didn't know what second to expect a spray of bullets. But we all got up all right, and then the prisoners were quickly taken down the opposite slope, herded into one of the flat-bottom boats, and transferred to the destroyer.

Now came the signal to move on the barracks. We certainly seemed to have those Heinies fooled. As all of us drew closer from all four sides, there wasn't a peep out of the barracks. So we just moved in, battered down the doors, and took everybody inside without a shot being fired. The catch was, though, that there were only twenty-five men in the barracks; we had expected at least four times that many. There were more than twenty-five of us, but less than a hundred. Huns don't like to fight when they're outnumbered. No gangsters do. An officer taken in the barracks made no bones about his attitude toward Hitler, now that the worst was over and he was no longer responsible to him. He spoke English, this officer, because he had once attended a college in the United States. "Thank heaven," he said as he turned over his gun, "at last I'm out of the German army."

We learned from him that the bulk of the troops from the island had been moved the afternoon before to Vaagsö on the mainland, only five minutes by water from where we were. Some of our landing party had lit out for Vaagsö direct from the destroyer, and now we knew they would probably be in for a tough time, for they would be greatly outnumbered.

The C. O. had us fan out through the island, to mop up any snipers we might locate and to blow up several ammunition dumps. We also took in Commando stride the Huns who were manning the antiaircraft guns, and about an hour after the landing under the smoke curtain we had things pretty well in hand.

Then came the call for reinforcements in Vaagsö. One of our men had come from the mainland with the news that the Germans had quickly dispersed in Vaagsö at first sight of the landing party, and had taken to the homes of the natives, where now they were ready for action as snipers. I've never cared particularly for this sniping business, and I care even less for the snipers themselves. I don't think it's a fair way to fight, hiding in a nice safe spot where the other fellow doesn't have a chance at you.

The C. O. chose me as one of the party to go over to the mainland to reinforce the blokes there, and I was very happy about it, for it looked like good fun. It promised to be a stunt where the unexpected might happen, inasmuch as things seemed to be somewhat out of hand. The bearer of the bad tidings had reported that a dozen of our men had fallen, shot in the back, and casualties to that number aren't everyday occurrences with the Commandos.

Well, when I got to the boat that was to take us to the mainland, whom should I find in that same boat, and still going strong, but the major! Somewhere along the line he had gotten his head wound patched up, but his injured hand was an ugly thing, bleeding profusely. "I've always had too much blood anyway," he said to me, with a laugh, "so I can afford to lose a little."

THERE was no difficulty in making the landing in Vaagsö because our men were in control of the shore line there. It was explained to us that the snipers had concentrated in houses on the main street and that Commando casualties had been heaviest in that section. The result was that about half of our party was at the far end of Vaagsö, cut off from the rest of us. The stunt was that those who had just landed were to join up with the men on the shore side, push right through the main street, and make contact with those who were cut off.

The major was bothered about only one thing. He had come to Vaagsö in a flat-bottom that wasn't the one he had left his bagpipes in, and he was afraid something might happen to them. He was even somewhat critical of Commando regulations because bagpipes were not included in standard equipment carried during daylight stunts!

We were soon at the foot of the main thoroughfare that ran through the town. The orders were to stick to this street at all costs until we made contact with the troops who were cut off.

There were houses and small business establishments on the street, pretty much what you would find in any Norwegian village.

We started up the thoroughfare slowly, with grenades in one hand and tommy guns in the other. The place looked like a ghost town. We were the only people on the street—there were just us and the bodies of our men who had been cut down by snipers.

I wondered where the natives were, for we had been told that very few people had escaped from Vaagsö when the Hun invader had come in. Then I told myself that the natives were probably right in their homes, hiding in terror.

We had gone halfway up the block, peering at every window in sight. Commando training makes one very observant. I was surprised that there wasn't a bullet hole in any of the windows. That meant that the Huns were being cunning enough not to shoot at us through a closed window; to do so would only advertise their presence in certain houses. What they were probably doing was waiting until we passed, then raising the windows a peep and letting us have it. The absence of bullet holes in the windowpanes also indicated that none of our men had spotted any of the snipers yet, or they would have fired right back.

THE major was walking alongside of me. His left hand was still dripping, but he assured me that that made no difference—he used his right hand for shooting purposes. He was silent for a time, and then he said, "I wonder where all the wee ones are." I had wondered about the children, too. I'm very fond of children, and I hope that some day, after this is all finished, Maggie and I have a large family. That is, if she wants a large one. To tell the truth, I've never gotten around to discussing a family with her, we've seen so little of each other and have had so many other things that had to be talked over.

"I've a couple of bairns myself," said the major. "Boys in their early teens. I hope they never have to do what I'm doing. I'm none too fond of this killing business, you know, and I—" He hushed himself suddenly. "Look up there," he said, indicating with a roll of his light blue eyes a second-story window on my right. "But don't stop."

I looked up, and I saw a young woman who looked like a wraith. Her cheekbones were all but through the flesh, the skin on her face was white and drum-tight, and her eyes had sunk far back into her head. She was pointing downward with her right forefinger, as if to indicate to us that a sniper was on the first floor.

In a whisper, moving his lips as little as possible, the major suggested that we crash the place. Both of us darted at the front door and broke it down.

It took us a few seconds to get accustomed to the gloom inside. Then we discovered that we were in a sort of vestibule. With our tommies ready, we made our way to the parlor, which looked out upon the street. There was nobody in the room, but there were wisps of fresh cigarette smoke. The major picked a butt out of an ash tray near one of the windows. "German make," he said. "That fellow's around here somewhere."

Then we heard a baby crying. I didn't know much about babies, but the major did. "That bairn's only a few months old," he said.

We went out to the hallway and tiptoed in the direction of the baby's cries. We detected a cooking odor, so we figured the baby must be in the kitchen.

It was—and so was the sniper. That much I learned when I popped my head through the kitchen doorway. I pulled back in a hurry, just in time to dodge a bullet from the Hun's automatic.

The major and I retreated to the parlor and held a whispered conference. He had things all mapped out. "I think I'm done for anyway, lad," he said, "so this is what we'll do. I'll go into the kitchen first. You say he's holding the baby right against his chest with his left hand?"

I nodded.

"Well, you be right behind me, but don't show your face until I fire. The moment I fire, you rush in and try to get that baby before it's dropped to the floor. It might be killed if you don't catch it."

I asked where he planned to hit the Hun. "Right between the eyes," he said.

We tiptoed back toward the kitchen. The major had his automatic ready. As we stood just outside the door, he turned to me and smiled. Then he nodded. That was the signal to move. He took two quick steps forward and fired. I heard another shot at about the same time. I rushed past the major. His plans had gone awry. The Hun was already crumpling. But Providence was smiling on that baby. The sniper dropped in such a way that the baby went down with him, landed on his body, and rolled over on the floor.

I PICKED it up. The major was standing alongside of me. "I got him right where I wanted to," he said, looking at the dead sniper. He was sucking at the back of his right hand.

"Did he get you, sir?" I asked.

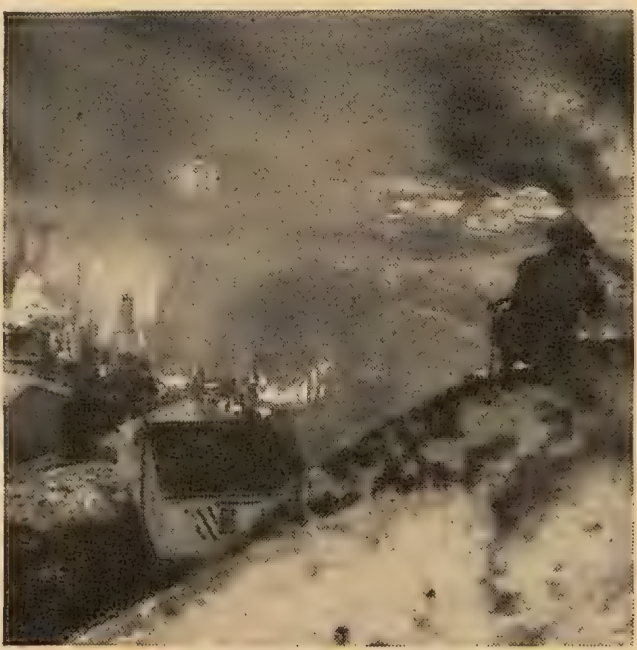
He took his hand from his mouth. "Just a nick," he said. "It's really nothing."

Now he took the child from me. "Cute little bairn," he said. "A girl. Her hair's the same color as her mother's."

We turned. At the kitchen door was the young woman who looked like a wraith. The major began to converse with her in Norwegian, a language we were required to have a smattering of. I gathered that the child's father had been shot by the Germans when they had come into Vaagsö. The major was polite and sympathetic but in a hurry. There was work to be done, other snipers to be cut down. So he closed the conversation with a bit of Norwegian which, freely translated, went something like, "Madam, your child needs to be changed."

When we got outside, we were both startled to see faces at the windows of several houses. Most of them were the faces of women and children. All the women, we surmised, had seen the signal that the other woman had given to us and had watched to see what happened. It did our hearts great good,

mmando men help a comrade, wounded, across a beach to a landing craft.


See—as the raiders themselves saw—what they'd accomplished on Maaloy and Vaagsö.

It tickled them to be bringing away, among other things, this pompous Nazi battle flag.

believe me, to look at those faces. They were gaunt from starvation and the lines of terror were deeply etched in them, but there seemed to shine from every one a strange and brilliant light. This was the first time that I had ever looked upon the light of freedom under oppression. I have seen it many times since, on later raids up near the Arctic Circle.

You read a lot about this light of freedom and how it is an eternal flame, always burning below the surface, despite the most brutal efforts of the Nazis to stamp it out. You can never know what a real and magnificent thing it is unless you see it—but I hope to almighty God that you will never have to.

Up the street a little way we saw another woman at an upstairs window. She was signaling to three of our men in front of her house. They did just what the major and I had done. It didn't take long. We heard a tommy gun talking, and in less than sixty seconds they were outside again. More faces appeared at the windows—all women's or children's. Every one of them seemed to be suffused with that strange light. It seemed as though a whole town of the living dead had suddenly come to life.

Now the signaling to us came faster than we could handle it. I don't know just what happened in the next ten or fifteen minutes. I was too busy. So was the major. We didn't strike a single sniper who would stand up and fight. Always when we crashed a front door or climbed through a window, we found ourselves in an empty room. Soon we developed a new technique that saved time. We'd rush up to the second floor immediately on getting inside, and talk to the woman who had given us the signal. If nobody but the sniper was downstairs, we'd take the woman out, then toss grenades and smoke bombs into the house. In that way we'd either kill the sniper or force him into the open, where we'd quickly cut him down or take him prisoner. It was a good deal quicker and less dangerous than stalking him inside a house where he knew his way around and we didn't.

BY the time we had cleaned out the first block we must have killed at least thirty snipers. We were getting ready to tackle the second block. The major was standing at the street intersection, giving orders, when he was interrupted by a tug at his sleeve. We turned. There was the woman who lived in the first house that we had gone into. She was carrying her baby, and she had a little handbag. In Norwegian she said to the major, "We are ready to go; please take us with you."

The major looked at several of us. He was stumped and embarrassed. "By Jove," he said, with a chuckle, "just because I play the pipes, that doesn't mean I'm the Pied Piper of Vaagsö."

"Let's all be Pied Pipers, sir," spoke up one of the blokes. "We'll take care of the rats first, and then take off the children and their mothers. There's plenty of room on the destroyer."

The major bit his lip. "I'll have to think it over," he said, "and take it up with my superior when we've cut our way through to where he is."

The next block was more or less a repetition of what the first one had been. Each time I'd come out of a house I'd see that first mother and her baby waiting for the major, then trailing along behind him. But she was not the only one now. A dozen women with children were trailing us. The noise on that street was really something, what with babies yelling, mothers crying with joy, and our officers shouting orders against a loud growl of tommy-gun fire.

The block-to-block fighting went on for more than two hours. I had a few close squeaks and the major had more, but neither of us was hit. I didn't know where the major's strength was coming from. He seemed to get better as he went along. I ventured to ask him.

"Sugar, lad," he said. "Sugar." He was sucking lumps of sugar, and he laid his incredible performance to that!

THE farther we advanced up the main street, the larger the crowd behind us became. Before long there must have been more than fifty women following us, most of them with one or more children. The major would stop every so often and examine the children closest to him. Most of the babies had distended stomachs from malnutrition. He pinched one of them on the cheek and smiled to it, and when he turned away his eyes were moist.

I don't mean to say we weren't losing men. We were. The Huns were growing cunning. Apparently they were signaling to each other quite successfully at times. Once we went for a whole block without anything happening. Then they opened up on us from three different spots in the rear. A bloke right in front of me dropped, and another alongside of the major was killed. I looked behind me and saw a mother leaning down over a child perhaps two years old. The baby's face was unrecognizable—made so by machine-gun bullets.

The major was quick to decide which house this fire had come from. Three of us went in with him. We found two Heinies at a machine gun on the second floor. The major told us to stand to one side. He wanted to handle that pair all by himself. He did.

We made contact with the rest of our force early in the afternoon. We met them part way from where they had originally been pocketed. They had been doing the same thing we had, and even more women and children were trailing along behind them than behind us!

By late afternoon things were pretty well under control. If there was a single Hun in Vaagsö who wasn't dead or captured, we didn't know about him. Now we went to work on warehouses, gun emplacements, and ammunition dumps.

In half an hour one section of the town was in flames, and the noise made by the exploding ammunition reminded me of Dunkirk.

When we got back to the shore, our work done, and all ready to go back to the destroyer, I found that it had been decided to remove as many women and children as wished to go. Already more than fifty captives had been taken to the destroyer, and there were about a hundred more waiting for space in the flat-bottom boats.

Many of the native menfolk had come down to the water to see their wives and their sisters and their mothers being taken to freedom. The men wouldn't have come even if arrangements had been made for them. They wanted to remain behind. They knew that our raid was a hit-and-run affair, and that Vaagsö would soon be German-occupied again. They would no doubt pay a dreadful penalty for their relationship to those we were taking off. But these Norwegians didn't seem to care about that in the least.

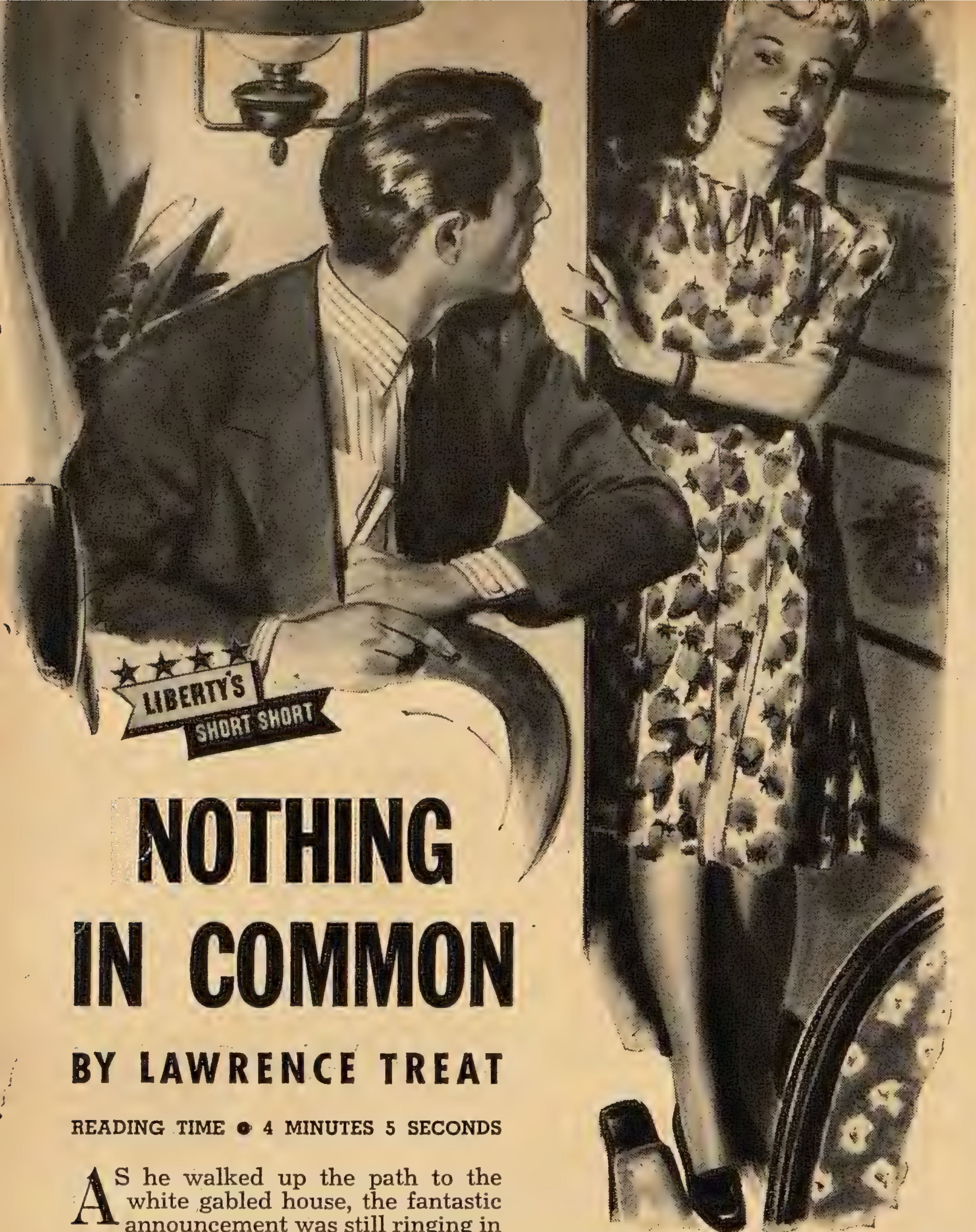
We had our dead on the shore too. They were being taken back to the destroyer in separate boats.

The major made a great fuss about getting into the boat where his bagpipes were. To me, he seemed dead on his feet, but his joy knew no bounds when he found that his precious pipes hadn't been damaged. He and I were in one of the last boats to go back to the destroyer. It was dusk. It had been a long day. As we pulled away from shore I looked back on the bleak Island of Maaloy and the still bleaker Vaagsö. We had come that dawn upon the land of the living dead. There had been life for a short while, but we were taking that life with us, and now behind us was the land of the living dead again.

When we were on our way in the destroyer about half an hour in the direction of England, a couple of Jerry planes spotted us. We were in the midst of our burials at sea when the planes came into view. The destroyer's antiaircraft guns went into action. They were our only protection; the R. A. F. had long since gone home. The men at the guns got both of the Jerries, and we were on our way again. When all the burials were over, we all had tea.

AS you read this, I am back with my Commando — Number Three — going about my business. Of course you'll want to know how the major came out. He got all right, but he was in the infirmary for a long time. He's back, on night raids and on day raids, the same as all the rest of us. It has been nice to have the opportunity to tell so many of you about some of our experiences with the Commandos. Like your own soldiers, like the Australians, the Canadians, the Chinese, and all the rest who are carrying the torch of freedom to the far ends of the earth, we are trying to do our part.

THE END



NOTHING IN COMMON

BY LAWRENCE TREAT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

AS he walked up the path to the white gabled house, the fantastic announcement was still ringing in his ears:

War!

Exactly one hour ago, over the radio. America. His country. War.

He climbed the steps and stood there on the little entrance porch. He wondered whether she was in.

When she'd decided to get the divorce, he'd sworn he'd never see her again. Well, it took a war to bring him. He held a reserve commission, and the papers he'd need when he reported were in the house.

And yet, that was only part of his reason. She represented the past, his background and memories and roots. He felt an impelling need to re-establish contact with those roots.

As he stood there, tall and taut, with his hand resting on the doorknob, his mind was full of her—of the way she'd looked when she'd started out for Reno. Of the way she liked to curl up on his lap, and the way she drank a highball, sipping and pretending she enjoyed it and yet making a face at each swallow. Of the way she smiled, and the way she pouted. And the way she'd baited and stung him.

That had been the beginning. She flared up over little things and she seemed to derive some queer twisted satisfaction from arousing his anger. The trouble was she'd never come to grips with anything more important than a cook who quit the day she was giving a dinner. She lacked deeper interests. She'd been undisturbed by politics or America Firsters, but she quarreled over the cap on the tooth paste and why he didn't use his own towel instead of the first one he happened to grab. Their lives had been petty and their squabbles petty and in time even their marriage had become petty. They had laughed less and stopped calling each other idiot, and they didn't dare remember the wild exuberant happiness they'd lost, because thinking of it hurt.

And yet, up to the very end there'd been a strange undercurrent of hope. They'd kept looking at each other, waiting for something, they didn't know what. Her eyes had taken on a new, baffled, vacant expression.

They used to be dancing eyes, clear as blue water. He used to stare into them and will them to grow dark and dreamy, so that he saw her not as she was all day, young and romping, but as he would make her, the promise of an inner force and of a growth she might some day attain.

But it was a long time since he'd been able to bring about that look, and part of her had slipped away. They'd drifted, helpless and puzzled, until it was too late. And so it was all over and she'd gone to Reno while he'd taken a business trip to South America. He had returned yesterday.

He was singularly free of emotion as he entered the house. The door was unlocked, but there was no sign of her. He went straight to the desk in the living room. He found the papers and turned around. She was standing in the doorway.

His first thought was that she was attractive and that only a fool would have given her up. Then he remembered she'd stood in that same spot when she'd thrown the vase at him.

"You heard?" she asked.

He nodded. "I came here for some papers I need."

She blinked and said, "Oh. Of course. You'll be called, won't you?"

"Sure. Remember how you wanted me to resign my commission?"

"I'm glad you didn't. That sounds strange, as if I wanted you to go. But —I guess I made a lot of mistakes."

He glanced at the damaged vase. "A few, but at least you had bad aim."

They both started to laugh and then restrained themselves, like people at the funeral of some one they have scarcely known.

But it was no use. He had no business being here.

"I'd better go," he said.

She held out her hand, man fashion. "Good-by, Tom, and good luck."

Her hand was firm and the clasp of it sent no thrills down his spine. They were both being calm, sensible. The past was done with. Hadn't she once said they had nothing in common except the air they breathed?

He frowned at the recollection. The air they breathed. Their country, the land they lived in—wasn't that a bond between them, a faith that had taken on new meaning? Wasn't that the real reason he was here?

Except that she'd divorced him. There was no road back from that.

It was then that he realized they were still holding hands. He withdrew his in embarrassment. "Well," he said, "you look well. You must be pretty satisfied with what you did."

"I am." She met his glance squarely and her eyes held the dark dreamy look that he'd always wanted to find. She had some one else, and he felt a hard, bitter jealousy.

"That's that," he remarked. "How was Reno?"

She drew in her breath. "Tom, didn't you know? I never went. I got off the train at Newark." And she burst into tears.

He said, "Idiot," softly.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

THE TOWN THAT WENT

The town meeting at Stoneham listens while the plan that may start a new front in America is discussed.

Hold the home front until the boys come home! Here's one place that's doing it . . Others can

BY BILL CUNNINGHAM

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

JUST maybe, the little New England town of Stoneham, Massachusetts, has come up with the greatest idea of the home-front end of the war. Just maybe, it's what we, the people, have been waiting for and groping for. Certainly it's the answer to that feeling of being helpless to help that is practically a national civilian characteristic.

Oh, we buy bonds and give blood, and some of us devote a few hours a week or a month to Civilian Defense, but those things seem so small when our desire is so large.

"I feel so miserable doing so little, and that only occasionally, but what is there to do?" . . .

Gather around, brethren and sistren. Here's something to do, and the tale of a town, that's possibly a dead ringer for yours, that's in there doing it already. Right now! There's no copyright on the idea. You could start it tomorrow. You *should* start it tomorrow. This could and should be a national movement, with every Stoneham from Seattle to St. Augustine, from Bangor to Brownsville, in there working and pulling for its own.

Stoneham is welded into what are really the suburbs of Boston, although Boston officially has no suburbs. It has a population of 10,500. Its people are just folks. It has no very poor, no very rich, no slums, no mansions. It's strictly the average American town, soldiering the war in the average community way. It's been buying bonds, concerning itself with Civilian Defense, and sending its young men away as their numbers come up.

Its story, in that particular, is the average American story. The United States consists of towns such as this.

It was approaching the Fourth of July in this particular locality, however, and some of the executives of the Civilian Defense group were discussing what form the ceremonies to celebrate the holiday should take in this year of war. Dick Barnstead, the secretary of the local Public Safety Committee—Civilian Defense in Massachusetts, is called Public Safety—and editor of the Stoneham weekly newspaper, was telling the brethren that he felt this should be a new sort of community celebration. The old-time Fourth, with fireworks, bonfires, and general hullabaloo, was already out as a matter of public policy, not to mention priorities.

Editor Barnstead said he was wondering if something couldn't be worked out to bring the entire community more closely together, and to hold it together in the face of national and community crisis. Shouldn't it, in this year of war, reconsecrate itself to the ideals the day represented? Shouldn't it honor, above all, its men—and women—who had answered the nation's call, and, close to them, the loved ones who had seen them go?

Shouldn't the community meet those people, and know them? Shouldn't it assure them that the community, and the nation, was devoutly grateful for their sacrifice? Shouldn't the parade feature the things Stoneham, as a town, was doing in the meanwhile to keep the home front intact—the Civilian Defense activities, for instance—the whole sense of the celebration to be a demonstration of unity, service, appreciation—and preparation?

Others at the meeting—Jim Munro, Charley Crosby, Bland Shuttleworth, Jack English—endorsed the idea, explored it together. The talk went along, with this suggestion and that.

Both because of what happened and because it says something about democracy, it belongs in these public minutes that present all the while, and as a participating member not only of the committee but also as a selectman of the town, was a first-generation American of Greek extraction named Nick Apalakis. Stoneham is an old-fashioned New England town-meeting town, governed by a moderator and selectmen instead of by a mayor and aldermen.

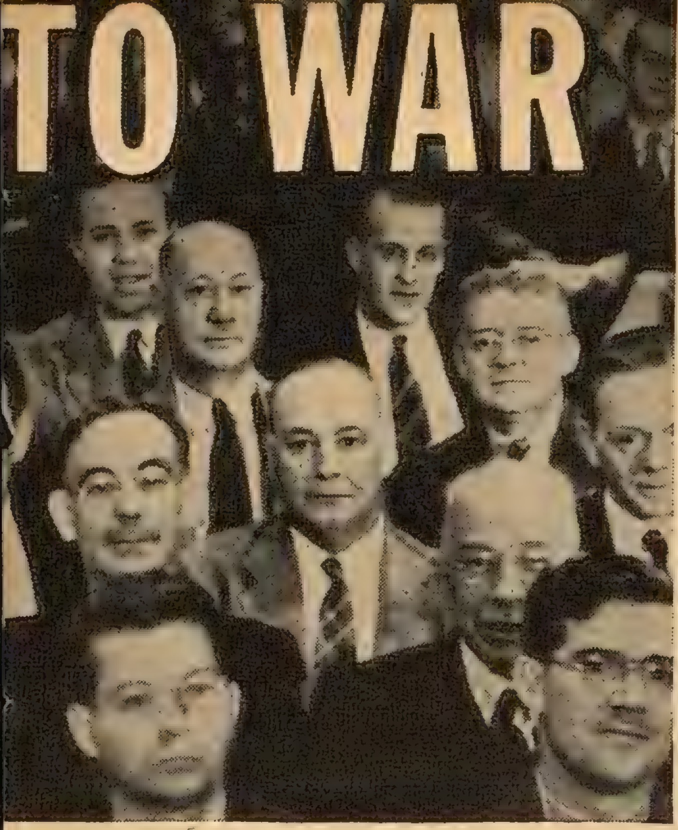
Nick, who grew up in Stoneham, was elected one of its governors only last month. He apparently feels that he owes much to this America and much to his town. He could afford at this stage to be pretty casual about it. He's by no means the "stromberry-pie" Greek of the cartoons and wisecracks of happier times. He's a Boston University graduate, a successful executive of the New England telephone company, a dynamic, dapper and successful young American.

But he seems unable to get over the wonder of it. He can't seem to find time enough to try to pay back what he feels he owes this way of life for his opportunity. He feels that democracy must be worked at, fought for, nurtured, kept living, that it's an active, not a passive, state and must never be taken for granted.

Perhaps it comes closer to him than to some. He doesn't know what happened to his mother's people in Athens, nor to his father's in Crete. He'd been thinking much about the war and about Stoneham's boys in the war. He'd made it a point to go with them when their induction days came and they marched to the depot. Many of them he'd grown up with.

In the back of his mind, beating over and over like a haunting refrain as he saw group after group leave, was the thought, We owe these guys everything. We must never let them down. We must keep faith with them all the way. They mustn't lose anything by this service that we can protect for them. We've got to keep it

TO WAR



for them and have it ready and waiting when they get back.

He found himself going back to the aftermath of the last war and remembering its problems, so far as they personally concerned young fellows such as these. Sure we'd won. Hurray! The wild celebration of the armistice . . . the long wait for the homeward-bound transports . . . the parade down Main Street, the hysterical cheering, warm slaps on the back . . . and out! In a great many cases, down and out! And, finally, the shoddy sequel that still should be the shame of a nation—the sight of bitter, disillusioned, hungry and homeless men panhandling on the streets in their threadbare A. E. F. uniforms . . . "Buddy, can you spare a dime?"

And gradually, as he pondered, his plan took form.

Now, as it came his turn to speak in the Civilian Defense conference planning for the Fourth of July, he took up Editor Barnstead's suggestion and went on across the war with it.

His proposal, in brief, was to organize the entire community, and everything and everybody in the community, on a duration basis, for the great overall purpose of building a trust fund to be devoted exclusively to the re-establishment of Stoneham's service men and women into civilian life when the war is over. This fund would be in the hands of a self-perpetuating committee that would administer it carefully and confidentially. It would cover cases of genuine aid and assistance to service men and their families, falling outside the province of any other agencies. It might, in some cases, supplement other agencies. It could spare a proud man the humiliation of appealing to charitable agencies. This would be his fund—what his town had done for him.

As for ways of raising the money, well, the community could start with the Fourth of July. The idea would be to use old-fashioned, home-town means: town-team baseball games, church suppers, community dances, street fairs, home-talent shows, garden parties, concerts, lectures—things easy to promote and economical to operate. High prices wouldn't be charged for anything, but the idea would be always to have "something doing"; something all the community could share in, something that would bring it together and give it a goal, a present to serve and a future to prepare.

That is the gist of what might be called the Stoneham Plan—that and some more I'll explain later on. The meeting caught fire from the fervor of the speaker. So did the town in a memorable nine days.

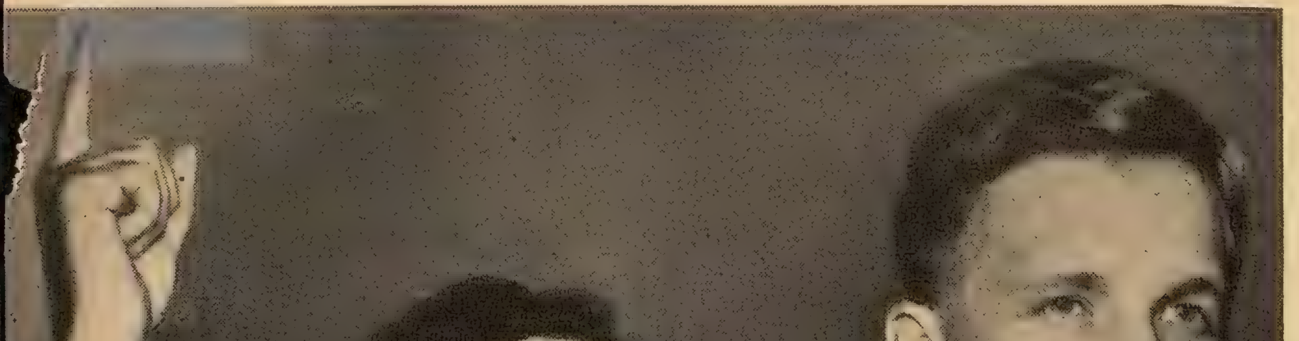
APALAKIS was made chairman of the organization committee and told to select the committee. He selected practically everybody in town: George E. MacNeil, Jr., the town moderator; Charley Gibbons and Fred Schneider of the Board of Selectmen; Dick Barnstead, the editor; Jack English, a toiler in what's left of the investment business, and Fred Lawson, an advertising man; Harry Dockam, a motor-truckman; Ed Hughes, a lawyer; Mrs. Harry Allward, a housewife; Donald Glynn, a marketman.

The list went on to include George MacNeil, Sr., a member of the School Committee; William Wilson, the park commissioner; Tom Devlin, a doctor; Roy Wentworth, the playground director; Bill Garside, a distributor of electrical appliances; Bob Messer, an undertaker; Mrs. Nellie Hogan, a housewife; Charley Crosby, insurance; Albert Casey, the Superintendent of Public Works; Ed Lombard, a lumber dealer; Bill Desmond, Immediate Past Commander of the Spanish War Vets; Mrs. Lillian Schaefer, the news dealer and president of the Woman's Club—and so on to the number of hundreds.

The project was really launched the night before the Fourth with a big town-team baseball game and community carnival. Concessions packed the field, the local ladies in attendance. The whole community was there. The local paper had whooped it up for all it was worth. Every clergyman of every faith had preached co-operation and participation from his pulpit. Every service club and the town's eighty organizations of various sorts had pledged their support.

At seven thirty in the morning of the next day, the holiday, every church bell in town started ringing in unison. It was the signal for the community to assemble at the Town Hall. They rang for fifteen minutes, and then stopped while the chimes in the tower of the Methodist Church broke into a glorious concert of national hymns.

The citizens being assembled, Moderator MacNeil read the Declaration of Independence, and then the entire community sang The Star-Spangled Banner. This was followed by the unveiling of the Honor Roll containing the names of the more than 600 Stoneham men and women who are with the flag. Then came their big parade,



Town Moderator MacNeil and, at left, Nick Apalakis, father of the Stoneham War Plan.

with Stoneham boys in uniform, home on furlough, in the places of honor.

That afternoon a monster sports program, mostly for kids and containing such old-fashioned features as a tug of war, chasing the greased pig, a doll-carriage parade, and a hose-coupling contest, was conducted. This was followed by a traditional New England bean supper on the beautifully shaded lawn of the Town Hall, where, at fifty cents for adults, twenty-five cents for kids, almost a thousand of Stoneham's citizens sat down to dine together. The cooking was done by some of the women, who contributed the things they cooked.

Then came a big home-talent vaudeville show in the Town Hall, at thirty-five cents for adults, fifteen for children. The place was packed.

And the net result of all this was $3,000 in cash for the trust fund!

STONEHAM is going on from there. The next all-community show is to be a great husking bee. There'll be others, and others as long as there's war. But these big affairs are only the show pieces. Underneath is a pattern of steady and less spectacular performances staged by smaller groups—dances, lectures, things of that sort.

People looking for something to sponsor have got it at last. The young athletes of the town, for instance, have revived the town baseball team, the Stoneham Cubs. In their "articles of incorporation" the new group of ball tossers announced that "the proceeds of games will go to swell the permanent fund for the Stoneham boys in the service."

The town's three service clubs, Rotary, Kiwanis, and Lions, have formally voted to obligate themselves to help swell the fund in every possible way. The religious congregations and the rest are all in there working.

But an unexpected by-product, a series of them in fact, began to be evident almost from the first. The committee had been thinking primarily of the service men, but it soon discovered that the whole of its inspiration was tremendously bigger than just the sum of its parts.

There was new life, new drive, new unity in the town. A warm flood of fraternity and neighborliness began to flow through the entire community. Stoneham had been no model upon that count. It's pretty close to Boston. People had cars. They weren't especially dependent upon each other for companionship and entertainment. They'd bickered and differed, had factions and "aginners." But now, gas-rationed and grounded, they had nowhere to go and not many of the old things to do. Through this community of interest all at once, they seemed really to discover each other.

Typical was the scene in the home-talent vaudeville show, where two long-time enemies stood with their arms around each other's shoulders, their foreheads together like two butting rams, blending in the harmonious strophes of Sweet Adeline.

But there was much, much more. Instead of interfering with the general home-front war effort, they discovered they actually were helping it.

The sale of War Bonds began to spurt. That community of little more than 10,000 has bought more than a million dollars' worth. Their scrap drives have gone well. They decided to turn the money from scrap into their Soldiers' Fund, and every kid in town gave every garage and attic a thorough going over, for he felt as if he were really working for his daddy, his brother, or his sister's boy friend.

In other words, the war's gone personal in Stoneham.

And this isn't the ultimate.

New plans are being advanced and explored for broadening this field of service to the soldier. The kids, the young fellows, for instance, the soldiers of tomorrow—it's felt that perhaps a program of indoctrination in the history and ideals not alone of the nation but of the various branches of the service might be made available to them. Possibly, too, some preliminary pre-induction work might be done looking toward their more rapid advancement if they are called.

That big and efficient Civilian Defense Committee is considering organizing itself on a permanent basis, to carry on for the care and help of war veterans when they return for as long as there can be any possible need.

But I have saved what is, to me, that capstone of inspiration for the last. It's this:

The town's activities are being faithfully photographed in sound movies. These pictures will be sent wherever in the world Stoneham men and women are serving. They'll go as living testimony to their men and women that their home town is thinking of them, working for them, preparing for their futures.

If that's not the master stroke for morale yet developed in this war, it'll stand until something comes along that can trump it.

Of course, Stoneham realizes that its boys will be scattered, and that actual shipping of a movie reel may not always be possible. But they've taken that into consideration, too.

And to get the same information to all their men, they've formed letter-writing clubs. They're checking to see that every one in the service receives letters regularly from somebody, that each gets the home-town paper, and a Christmas and a birthday present.

They're asking their soldiers to write and tell them about any other Stoneham boys they know or hear about. What do they need? If some fellow is low or discouraged, what'll it take to cheer him up? If his girl hasn't written, they'll see if they can't find out why. If it's something else, they'll try to take care of that, too.

IT doesn't take much imagination to see what that's going to do for a soldier away out there on the rim of the world. War's not an impersonal thing to him. He's got something more specific than any term such as "the American way." He's got a home town, "the best home town in the United States," and he can come pretty close to proving it on the basis of what it's doing for him.

He's got something really to fight for, some people to deliver for. He's got a place to go back to, a future to measure up to. He'll keep faith with it out there because it's keeping faith with him back here.

That's the part that ties it all up. That's the whole of the war effort except the shooting, and the soldier must do that. But it's all the rest—unity on the home front, morale on the fighting front, and a mended America when the sun breaks through again.

The whole of the nation should take up this plan. Its possibilities are boundless, its power immeasurable. It takes work, of course, but that's what the home front has been crying for, isn't it? Work with a purpose, work with a sense of really contributing?

"If I could only do something I felt were worth while!"

What are you waiting for now?

THE END

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20 QUESTIONS

1. Who are Big Punk, Peggy D., Big Stuff, Berlin Sleeper, and Yankee Doodle?

2. A famous mustache was a war casualty recently. Whose?

3. Getulio Vargas said recently: "These acts of piracy will not go unpunished." Who is he and what did he mean?

4. Who is the foremost exponent of victory through air power?

5. Irving Berlin's This Is the Army is making money for the Army Emergency Relief Fund. What was Berlin's first army show called?

6. How long do you think it would take a bomb to reach the earth if dropped from a Flying Fortress one mile high?

7. "Co-eds" have been accused of hampering the war effort. How?

8. An old popular song asks "How deep is the ocean?" Do you know the greatest depth ever sounded? We'll give you a thousand feet leeway.

9. Who is commander of the U. S. Air Forces in the European theater?

10. As you know, "The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ, moves on," are lines from The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám. Is "Rubáiyát" the name of a precious jewel, a secret weapon, a cocktail—or what?

11. From his talk, what is this man's business: "We'll have a seven-o'clock shape. Put two gangs on the refer and bring in ten checkers"?

12. What is the easternmost land in the continental United States?

13. Who was nationally famous as "the Big Train"?

14. What is meant by the army's Central Control Board?

15. CAP are three initials dreaded by Nazi sub commanders operating off our coasts. What do the initials stand for?

16. James Cagney received some fine reviews for his work in Yankee Doodle Dandy. What famous American's life inspired the picture?

17. You've often noticed a book resting in the right arm of the Statue of Liberty. What is its significance?

18. What article of clothing is due for a strong comeback in the East next winter—and why?

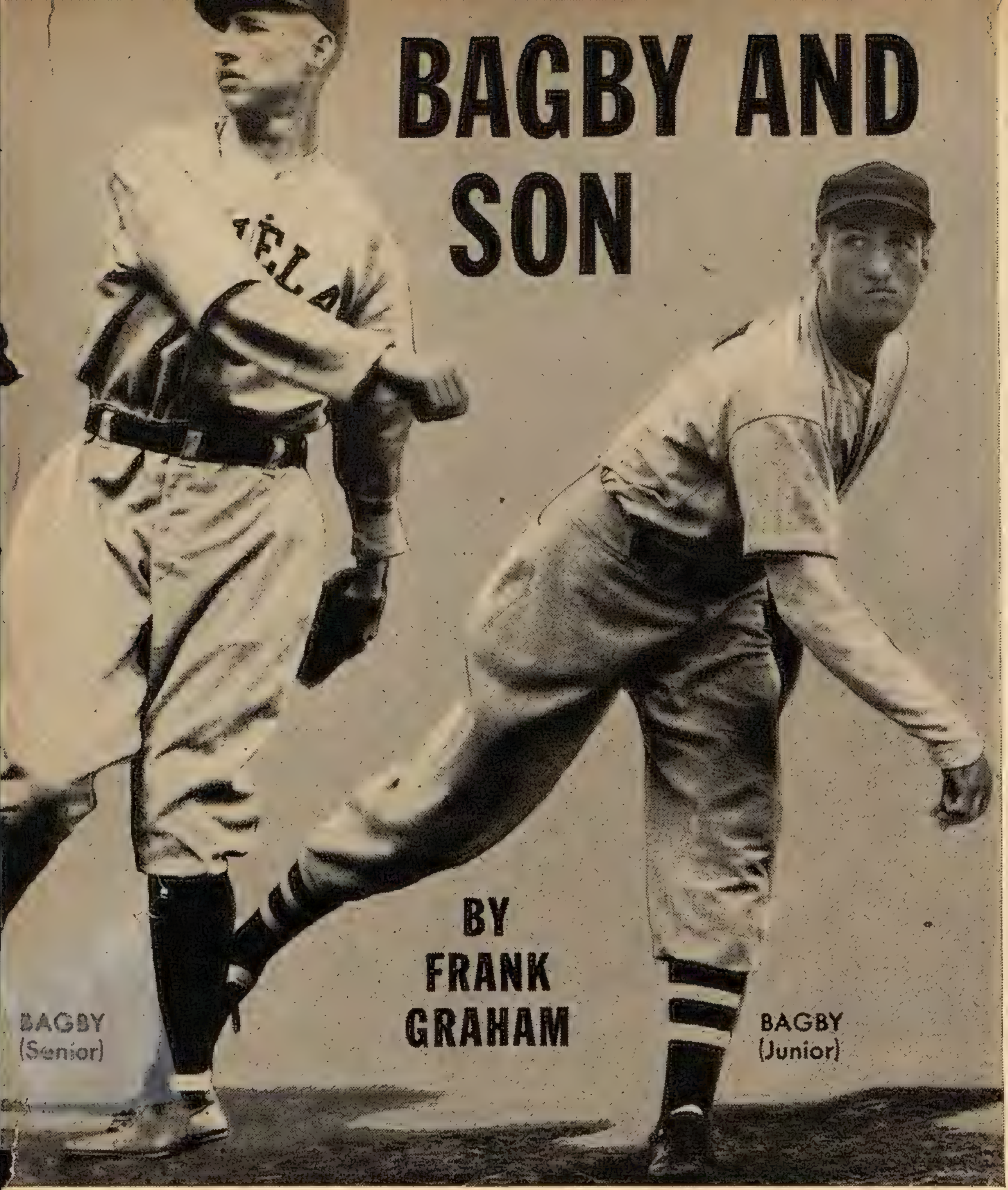
19. General Sir Harold R. L. G. Alexander succeeds General Sir Claude J. E. Auchinleck. To what post?

20. To what army did Major Barbara belong?

(Answers will be found on page 36)

BAGBY AND SON

BY FRANK GRAHAM



Father—'Ol' Sarge' to old-time fans—was right after all about a career for Jim

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THE conversation was repeated many times. Often enough to impress Jim Bagby, Junior, young as he was.

"I don't see why you want him to grow up to be a ballplayer," his mother would say. "What has baseball ever done for you, Jim? You worked hard in the minor leagues for years, and then you were in the majors for a spell, and here you are in the minors again. After all those years, what have you got to show for it? First I want our boy to have a good education, and then a job in some reliable business."

The talk would die down, and then, when his mother had left the room, his father would say, "Ready, Jim?" And Jim would nod eagerly and the two would go out behind the little house in Atlanta and play ball.

That was some twenty years ago. Today, rated as one of the best young pitchers in the major leagues, Jim is with the Cleveland Indians, his father's old ball club. His father is Ol' Sarge Bagby, hero of the Indians' rush to the pennant in 1920 and one hero of their victory over the Dodgers in that year's World Series.

Jim was born in Cleveland, not far from the ball park, but at the time his recollection of baseball begins, his father was pitching for Atlanta, and most of his stuff was gone. Most of his money, too. However, the Ol' Sarge had his memories. He wanted some day to hear the crowds in the big towns roar for his boy.

"I was on my father's side," Jim says. "I was crazy about baseball. I practically grew up in the Atlanta ball park. When I was twelve, I was a pretty good pitcher on a team made up of older boys in the neighborhood. My arm went lame. My father thought it meant the end of his dream that some day I would be a big leaguer. My mother was sort of mixed up in her feelings about it, but I think mainly she was glad, because she thought the danger of my becoming a ballplayer had been averted."

For three years Jim didn't attempt to play ball. At fifteen, however, he was back on the ball field.

"At first I was afraid to pitch," he says. "But after a while I started to win once more. I was on a team in the American League's national tournament. We tied for the city championship but lost in the play-off."

By that time the Ol' Sarge was out of baseball and operating a cleaning and dyeing establishment of his own.

"He couldn't believe for a year or so that I'd recovered full use of my arm. But when our team got as far as the state finals, he realized I was all right again. Once more he was enthusiastic. A friend of his was running a semi-pro team in Montgomery, and I spent two summers there, winning consistently."

In the spring of 1935 his father arranged a trial for him with the Cincinnati Reds at their training camp. It was a proud day when he boarded a train for Tampa. Even his mother was excited. Three weeks later he was home, low in spirits, bitter.

"Looking back now," he says, "I can't blame anybody in particular. It was Charlie Dressen's first spring as manager and he had a lot of things on his mind. Nobody else paid any attention to me, either. I put in three weeks there, and then, without saying anything to anybody, I went home. I'm sure they didn't miss me."

The Ol' Sarge said, "Never mind, son. We'll show 'em." When the Red Sox came through Atlanta on their way north, he told Joe Cronin about the boy. After a couple of times at bat against young Jim, Joe sent a wire urging Eddie Collins to sign him or at least get a minor-league job for him. And so Jim went to Charlotte in the Piedmont League. The next year he was with Rocky Mount. That seemed to to a bad year for him. His record suffered. He spent the next season with the Hazleton club of the New York-Pennsylvania League. There he won twenty-one games, losing only eight. Another Jim Bagby was on his way to the majors.

He arrived in 1938. In the opening game of the season—the first major-league game the kid ever saw—Cronin started him, and he beat the Yankees. Maybe he was lucky that first year. In 1939 he couldn't get under way and the Red Sox farmed him out to Little Rock. In 1940 he was back. By that time he was a big-league pitcher beyond any question.

In December, 1940, Jim, Gene Desautels, and Gerald Walker went to Cleveland in exchange for Pytlak, Odell Hale, and Joe Dobson. "It's funny," Jim says, "how my career has paralleled my father's. We both pitched in Montgomery, we both were turned down by the Reds, and we both wound up in Cleveland."

Last year he won only nine games while losing sixteen, but many of his defeats were by slender margins. This year, with the Indians hustling, he is winning the kind of games he lost a year ago. He hopes that in one other detail his career will follow the pattern of his father's. There is a little Bagby due this summer (Jim was married to Leola Hicks in 1938) and they're hoping it will be a boy, born to a big-league future.

THE END

ROOSEVELT

AS I SEE HIM

A series by ten authorities . . Herewith, an estimate of F. D. R. in the first world war

BY ALLAN NEVINS

Professor of American History, Columbia University

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

A TALL, lithe young man, as handsome as William Faversham, is making a speech one cold February evening in a crowded Brooklyn hall. His long face wears a thoughtful look. His firm thin-lipped mouth and strong chin give him an aspect of determination. But his high-pitched voice has a cheery ring, and when he pauses his countenance lights up with a bright smile. Prepossessing in his good spirits, energy, and evident culture, Franklin D. Roosevelt is telling the crowd about the work of the Navy Department in the recent war.

"Two months after war was declared," he remarks, "I saw that the navy was still unprepared, and I spent $40,000,000 for guns before Congress gave me or anybody permission to spend any money." The audience stirs appreciatively. "In fact," he goes on, "I committed enough illegal acts to put myself in jail for nine hundred years!" If he had made too many "wrong guesses," he adds, he might have been impeached. He mentions the contribution of Annapolis to the war, saying that the 3,000 officers it had given the navy deserved the greatest credit for training the forces hastily mobilized at sea. And he speaks with pride of one Annapolis man, William S. Sims—recalling that he suggested Sims as the best man for commander of the naval forces operating in European waters.

On another occasion the same energetic young man is telling reporters of the broad scope of the American naval effort. Not merely was an immense fleet kept active. Not merely was some $30,000,000 spent in laying a mine barrage in the North Sea. "Few realize," says Assistant Secretary Roosevelt, "that the American Navy had fifty-four shore bases of various kinds in European waters and the Azores, including destroyer stations and mine-laying bases. We had more than 70,000 men at these bases and on the ships operating from them. We leased docks and buildings, and constructed hundreds of hangars, piers, hospitals, storehouses, and other buildings." He describes the huge Lafayette radio station with its eight towers near Bordeaux, ensuring communications even if submarines cut the cables.

And a little later, on a speechmaking tour, Roosevelt—now candidate for Vice-President—is speaking somewhat unguardedly of his minor duties. "You know I have had something to do with the running of a couple of little republics," he remarks. "The facts are that I wrote Haiti's Constitu-

At an Army-Navy game: General March, Secretary of War Baker, General Pershing, Secretary of the Navy Daniels, Assistant Secretary Franklin D. Roosevelt.

PHOTOS
© HARRIS
& EWING

In Washington in wartime: F. D. R. and Mr. Daniels.

tion myself and, if I do say it, I think it is a pretty good Constitution!"

These utterances give us certain clues to the character as well as the policies and performance of Franklin D. Roosevelt when Assistant Secretary of the Navy. In his seven years as second in command of the Navy Department, 1913-20—dividing the duties with Josephus Daniels, for there was then no other Assistant Secretary—he showed many of the traits that later stamped his work as President. Versatility of interests; capacity for taking a large view of affairs and applying imagination to them; restless energy; boldness that sometimes became rashness; a tendency to relegate money costs to a minor position; tact in getting along with nearly all types of men; readiness to make rapid decisions, aware that some of them will prove errors; buoyancy and optimism under heavy burdens—these were all part of Roosevelt's equipment in his first years in Washington.

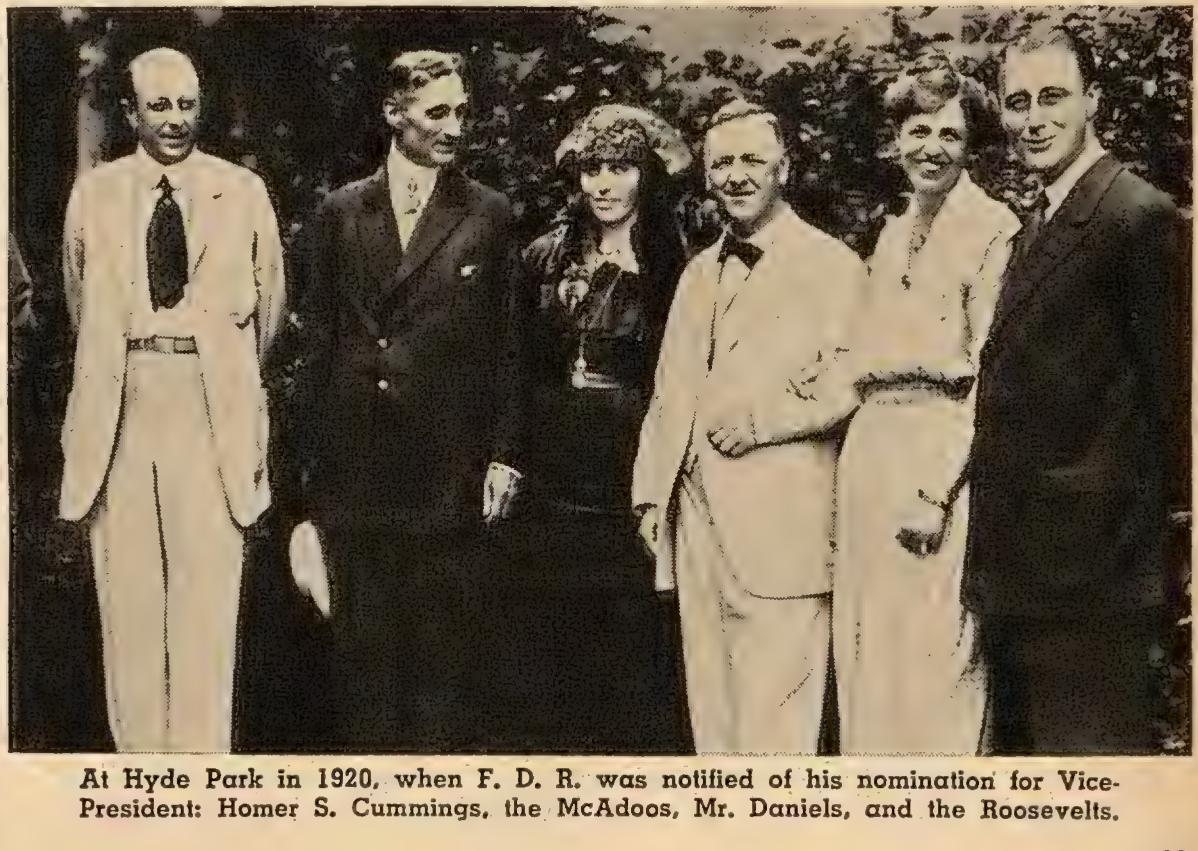
His office helped train him to bold experiment. When he entered it, navies the world over were in the throes of revolutionary change. The dreadnought type of capital ship, introduced by Britain in 1906, had rendered all older battleships obsolete. The submarine was just becoming an important factor in naval operations, its capabilities and limitations still imperfectly understood. Finally, the seaplane was manifestly destined to play a major role in warfare. All the Powers were interested in designing and building aircraft. Never had navies been less static—never had bold pioneering enterprise been more in demand. Roosevelt had a talent for experiment, and the conditions of the time encouraged it.

IT was a long-cherished ambition that Roosevelt realized when he found himself in one of the high square rooms of the State, War, and Navy Building. He had early developed a passionate interest in the sea, naval warfare, and salt-water heroes.

While librarian for two clubs at Harvard he decided to become a collector of naval materials. He began gathering together old volumes, pamphlets, prints, and naval paintings. By 1928 his was rated the second or third best naval collection in the world, and three years later one of Roosevelt's early biographers called it "possibly superior to that in the Congressional Library." Nor did he let his treasures go unread. He became as expert in modern naval history as his distant relative Theodore Roosevelt had become on the War of 1812. When he became Assistant Secretary, he modestly remarked that he had to unlearn a great deal. Yet his background of salt-water experience, of minute acquaintance with marine problems and strategy, and of enthusiasm for naval traditions was invaluable.

For, above all, it was enthusiasm which gave a special stamp to Roosevelt's seven years in the Navy Department. His chief, Josephus Daniels, had many merits, but they did not include much enthusiasm for blue water, sixteen-inch guns, and naval encounters. He was a landsman, an administrator with reforming tastes, and a lover of peace. The two men had met at the Baltimore Convention in 1912 as co-workers for Woodrow Wilson. Daniels was captivated by the handsome New Yorker who, though hated by Tammany, showed remarkable tact in uniting heterogeneous groups of politicians.

When Daniels was appointed Secretary, he genially admitted that he "didn't know a thing" about naval technicalities. No doubt he scanned the horizon eagerly for an expert assistant; no doubt Wilson thought Roosevelt's campaign services merited some reward. At all events, when Roosevelt's appointment was announced everybody was pleased but Tammany. The only consolation of Boss Murphy was that the young man was temporarily out of New York politics. Roosevelt at once showed his intense zest for the new job. Daniels dubbed him "a steam engine in breeches," and a veteran Washington correspondent



At Hyde Park in 1920, when F. D. R. was notified of his nomination for Vice-President: Homer S. Cummings, the McAdoos, Mr. Daniels, and the Roosevelts.

Assistant Secretary Roosevelt with Admiral William S. Sims, one of the most outspoken and severest critics of Secretary Daniels.

In Daniels' absence, the Assistant Secretary reviewed a platoon of yeomanettes—forerunners of the present wartime's Waves.

He knew his guns, and in 1917, on a Marine Corps rifle range at Winthrop, Maryland, he gave the .30-caliber Springfield a tryout.

was soon writing: "Not a great deal is done over Mr. Daniels' signature without Assistant Secretary Roosevelt's knowledge, not to say consent."

UNDOUBTEDLY the navy in 1913 needed both Daniels and Roosevelt. Each brought his special gifts to a difficult situation. Daniels, a strait-laced Southern Methodist, a veteran of long standing in local, state, and national politics, and a seasoned newspaperman, was determined to break with routine. He thought that many naval officers were hidebound, jealous, and defective in judgment. He wanted to put the brass hats in their places. He was anxious to break the grip of scheming contractors and collusive manufacturers on navy funds. He wanted junior officers and plain seamen given a chance to rise. He wished the navy to provide more systematic and thorough education, particularly along technological lines. In most of his personnel reforms and other changes he was entirely right.

Roosevelt, with an equal zeal for improvement, had more respect for naval tradition than his chief, and more tact in handling naval officers. He always deferred to Daniels, whose experience of public life was so much greater than his own. He approved entirely of Daniels' purposes—though he himself would not have taken such steps as abolishing the wine mess for naval officers. Relations between the two men were thoroughly cordial. But a vocal minority of naval officers came to dislike and denounce Daniels. One, the progressive Admiral Sims, attacked the Secretary vigorously in the 1920 investigation by a senatorial subcommittee. Roosevelt steered clear of these rows; he kept out of the Sims battle and all others. Everybody knew that he was a loyal supporter of Daniels. But he also kept the confidence and liking of the most critical officers.

This ability to get on well with all types of men stood Roosevelt in good stead in pushing numerous routine improvements and in his work for general preparedness. His duties were at first pretty clearly defined. He was directly in charge of shore establishments, including the navy yards; of the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts (that is, the Quartermaster Corps); and of the Marine Corps. He gave a brisk administration to all these branches. But he also undertook a growing array of larger activities—and here again he profited from his ability to hold the respect both of Daniels and of the professional naval men. During the period of neutrality, 1913-16, he was an untiring propagandist for a larger and better navy; he labored to convert the half-idle navy yards into industrial establishments for making all kinds of supplies, and he built up a valuable Naval Reserve. When war came he had to turn his hand to a hundred tasks, from wage disputes to troop transport and the battle with the submarine.

The navy was in a bad condition when Daniels and Roosevelt took office. This statement may astonish people who think President Theodore Roosevelt had built it up to a high state of efficiency, and who remember that he had sent the battleship fleet around the world. But the fact is that while the navy was strong under T. R., it was not strong enough; and relative to other navies, it became steadily weaker. T. R. was handicapped by having a constant succession of Secretaries of the Navy, six in all, so that no one really mastered the job. He and Taft were both handicapped by the revolutionary changes in naval design and the difficulty of persuading Congress to appropriate enough money to keep up with them.

Not merely had Great Britain revolutionized the capital ship by building her Dreadnought. The United States herself was responsible for an almost equally important change. On the Dreadnought the heavy guns had been carried in turrets placed in echelon on opposite sides of the ship, and the angle sometimes prevented the use of part of the battery in delivering a broadside. But the United States built the South Carolina and Michigan with all eight guns of the main battery constructed on the center line, so that the eight could be fired broadside, either to port or starboard. These alterations made all earlier battleships obsolete. Britain and Germany feverishly built up their armaments on the new models. But the United States lagged behind, constructing an average of but one new capital ship a year.

HENCE it was that one of Roosevelt's first tasks was to drum up sentiment for enlarging the navy and making it more efficient. It seems not unfair to say that Daniels, with all his merits of vision and courage, was first much more interested in an economical, alert, and well manned navy than in a large and powerful navy. He insisted upon getting better value for expenditures. He made the service more democratic, and furnished such good instruction for sailors that conservative old officers grumbled that he was "converting the navy from a fighting force into a grammar school." He said little about strength. But Roosevelt from the beginning preached bigness and preparedness with an energy which may sometimes have dismayed his chief.

He had not been in office a month before he gave out a public statement urging a more adequate navy. When the European war broke out he became more insistent. He called for more enlisted men. He testified before the House Naval Committee on the relative weakness of the American fleet compared with the chief European navies. He spoke before all kinds of organizations. He took pains to get his speeches to the press, and they contained vigorous words. "Let the American people understand that you cannot build a navy in six months," was his theme. "Teach them in 1913 to prepare for what may happen in 1915."

When at the beginning of 1914 some one declared that the navy had thirty-seven battleships, Roosevelt flatly asserted: "The navy is not fit for war.

We have today only sixteen ships we can send effectively against the first line of the enemy." A recent poll of officers, he remarked, had shown them unanimous in holding that one new Wyoming could defeat ten old ships of the Oregon class. That fall another complacent statement drew from him an assertion that the navy was short 18,000 men. If our first fleet were destroyed, he thought any foreign Power could land on the East Coast. "We have a coast line of 2,000 miles, and of that but 200 is protected by coast-defense guns. If I were a Japanese and couldn't land on some part of that unprotected 1,800 miles, I would commit hara-kiri."

IN numerous articles he harped upon the same string. Invasion was not the main fear, he wrote in the Scientific American in 1914. If the United States did not have a powerful battleship fleet, it would be reduced to an international nonentity; it might see its outlying islands occupied, its commerce destroyed, and its influence lost. All efforts must center on a large battle fleet. "That fleet," he wrote, "must at all costs be kept together, for division is fatal; it must be drilled and maneuvered; it must spend good money for target practice; it must contain the best material and latest devices."

Then, when in 1915 Wilson and Daniels swung over to their preparedness campaign, and Congress appropriated funds for a three-year naval-expansion program, Roosevelt's problem changed. More than ever he worked long hours to see that preparedness was made a reality. He and the bureau chiefs labored hard to turn the navy yards from lounging places for political idlers into manufacturing plants. The Norfolk yard was soon making paints and mines; the Charleston yard, uniforms; and the Brooklyn yard, radio sets. When Daniels pushed through legislation making the navy so far as possible its own warship builder, Roosevelt helped boss the task of converting the Mare Island yard into a battleship-building center, the Philadelphia and Boston yards into cruiser builders, and other yards into centers for smaller craft. He reformed the makeshift system for provisioning the fleet. He broke up the collusive bidding of coal contractors by obtaining excellent cheap supplies from previously untested fields.

As war approached he scented its coming. Luckier than Daniels, in 1916 he took practically no part in the Presidential campaign. He appealed to the House Naval Committee that spring for the immediate building of eight new capital ships. He was much occupied with his plans for a strong Naval Reserve. In June, addressing the New York recruits for the twenty-five-day training cruise he had planned, "a Plattsburg of the sea," he said that enlistments were urgent. The British Navy had been rapidly built up to more than 350,000 officers and men. "Today our Naval Reserve consists of 305 men." He wanted 100,000. "It is a sad fact that more than half of the crews of American merchant ships are alien, and so we have got to rely on civilians." He referred scathingly to Mrs. Henry Villard's remark that she hoped her sons would never have to go into training camp to learn the brutality of war. "I have four boys of my own, and I thoroughly hate the thought that in the event of war the lives of my own boys would be further endangered because these boys are untrained."

In the early weeks of 1917 Roosevelt had planned a tour of Haiti and Santo Domingo. But when the German crisis developed he gave this up. More than six weeks before war came, speaking at a conference of railroad and steamship officials in New York, he called for an auxiliary fleet of 750 privately owned ships and 10,000 men to run them. He was not worrying about laws. "We are confronted with an emergency that may break tomorrow. There may be defects in the law creating the Naval Reserve, but this is no time to worry over such details." He wanted the 750 ships immediately inspected, measured, and registered "so that in the event of trouble, all that will be necessary will be to flash by telegraph the word 'Execute.'" The navy by this time had full data on the wartime usefulness of 18,000 industrial plants. Before war was declared it had placed contracts for a full year's supplies. Congress had not yet appropriated money for small guns, ammunition, and depth charges. Without waiting, Roosevelt signed orders for them.

IF resourcefulness and daring to the point of rashness had characterized Roosevelt before the war, the conflict brought them into new vigor. The coastal patrol was peculiarly his idea. He got hold of a large group of privately owned yachts and sent them to Europe as a patrol squadron. He was as much responsible as anybody for the 110-foot submarine chasers which did excellent work on both sides of the Atlantic. He took a keen interest in the building of naval aircraft, and with great elation in May, 1918, announced the flight of a seaplane built in a government plant in Philadelphia. Appointed head of the interdepartmental board to settle wage disputes in various parts of the country, he showed his tact to advantage. To help naval construction proceed smoothly, he arbitrated frequent shipyard disputes. The government had no more inveterate hater of red tape. When essential materials were needed, his rule was to get them—and to arrange for authorizations and, if necessary, appropriations afterward.

About the North Sea mine barrage which he energetically helped to promote, a controversy long raged and is not yet settled. Early in the war the British had debated laying a mine belt across the 240-mile stretch from Scotland to Norway. But the distance was long, the water deep, and the supplies of mines inadequate. When the United

(*Continued on page 52*)

Marching right behind the band at the head of the Washington Senators on the opening day of the wartime baseball season of 1917.

Friendly political enemies and a patriarch: Tammany's leader Charles F. Murphy (left) and its Sachem John R. Voorhis with F. D. R.

The first NC-4 to fly the Atlantic, at the end of the flight in May, 1919. Roosevelt's approval had helped in making it possible.

PICTURES YOU OUGHT TO SEE

Ginger Rogers and Raymond Roe in the hilarious farce, The Major and the Minor.

BY HOWARD BARNES

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ ★ THE MAJOR AND THE MINOR (for a comic delight)

A DAFFY idea doesn't always make a funny show. It needs to be tossed around expertly. It demands consummate clowning. This comedy has the idea, the treatment, and the acting. With Ginger Rogers giving a really great performance, The Major and the Minor is one of the rare screen delights of the year.

The central situation is certainly daffy. A disillusioned young lady decides to pass up a New York career and go back to her home in Iowa. She finds, however, that the train fare has been raised since her trip East. Her only chance to escape the wolves and woes of the big city is to dress up as a kid and bluff her way through on a half-fare ticket.

Now you'll agree that this is a rather thin farcical notion for a full-length film. The fact remains that it is carried off triumphantly. Instead of steadily petering out, as it might very well have done, the idea of smart big girl playing dumb little girl grows funnier and funnier as the show unreels.

It is hard to say whether the script or the direction should get major credit for a brilliant treatment. Since Billy Wilder had a hand in the story, in addition to staging the piece, one might as well call the honors even. In any case, the adventures of Sue Applegate, from the moment she first pretends she's a twelve-year-old, are constantly captivating.

Suspected by the train conductor, she takes refuge with a handsome young major. To save him from a scandal, she visits the military institute where he teaches, copes with a flock of adolescent wolves, saves the major from a bad marriage, and finally joins him as he goes into active service.

Wilder and his co-authors have done a knockout job of keeping the story straight and fairly plausible. The characters are tremendously amusing and the lines have comic lift and excitement. The acting of Ginger Rogers gets every last ounce of comedy out of both the story and the staging.

This Rogers girl had done some fine performing before. But for sheer virtuosity this portrayal is tops. Her change-over from a sophisticated career woman into a knock-kneed brat who claims that it's her glands which make her look bigger than twelve comes under the heading of top-flight fooling. Meanwhile she sustains the underlying human drama and the romance with warmth and irresistible appeal.

Ray Milland is excellent as the dashing major who treats the heroine with fatherly concern, even to giving her a little lecture about the birds and flowers. Robert Benchley is splendid as the wolf who gives Sue away to her unsuspecting rival for the major's affections, and Rita Johnson, Frankie Thomas, Jr., and the other players never fail to make a sequence crackle with laughter. In The Major and the Minor a daffy idea has been built into a captivating comedy.

(Paramount.)

★ ★ ★ SOMEWHERE I'LL FIND YOU (for a Gable triumph)

PRIVATE CLARK GABLE left us something to remember him by before joining the army. The last of his Hollywood assignments is in every sense his picture. Even with the alluring Lana Turner on hand, this fabulous fable of a foreign correspondent is a Gable special. It finds him at the top of his form.

Without much genuine skill, he has always succeeded in filling a role with such lusty vitality that it has remarkable dramatic force. He does this up to the hilt in Somewhere I'll Find You, making the war correspondent a dynamic and arresting figure.

The story is alternately romantic and violently melodramatic, with the romance culminating in as unlikely a manner as you could well imagine. Just the same, it is great material for the Gable gift of make-believe, and he never fails to take advantage of that fact. His fans have been given a break in his final film for the duration.

I've known several foreign correspondents, but none who vaguely resembles the Jonny Davis of this picture. He starts off by double-crossing his boss and substituting his story for the publisher's editorial on page one. He deliberately wrecks a romance of his kid brother by giving the girl involved a brutal run-around. Then he rescues the heroine from the interior of Indo-China and finally winds up with her in the Philippines.

What matters is that whether the yarn is hokum or not, it is tailor-made for Gable. His scenes with Lana Turner constitute the toughest sort of tough romance. His portrait of a reckless correspondent reporting on the front line of battle is tremendously effective.

The Gable-Turner combination has always proved vastly successful, and their teamwork has never been better. It is probably just as well that Miss Turner doesn't have to act much in the picture. She is a decorative foil for a swashbuckling hero and she is completely satisfactory as that. Robert Sterling plays the correspondent's kid brother engagingly, and there are good bits by Charles Dingle, Reginald Owen, Lee Patrick, and Patricia Dane.

The direction of Wesley Ruggles, like the story, concentrates on the Gable performance.

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

★★★★—Wake Island, Bambi, The Pride of the Yankees, Mrs. Miniver, Yankee Doodle Dandy.

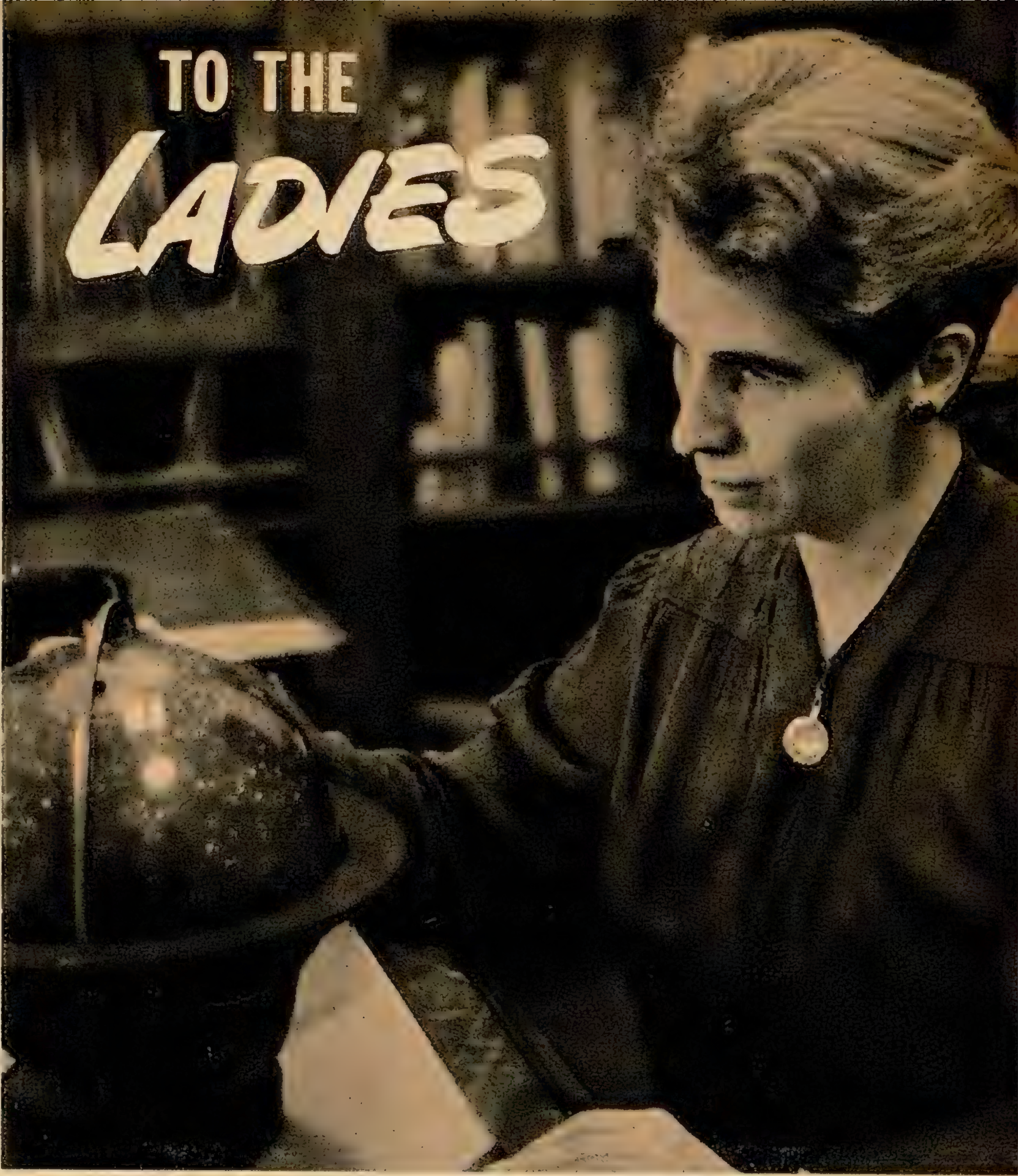
★★★—The War Aganist Mrs. Hadley, Tales of Manhattan, Men of Texas, The Talk of the Town, Footlight Serenade, Desperate Journey, The Pied Piper, Pardon My Sarong, The Magnificent Ambersons, The Foreman Went to France, Crossroads, Across the Pacific, The Gay Sisters, Eagle Squadron, Holiday Inn, Broadway, Ten Gentlemen from West Point, Take a Letter, Darling, My Favorite Spy.

TO THE LADIES

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

IF you're a moon-faced lady it's lucky that you weren't born in the days of human sacrifices. Girls who looked like the moon used to be sacrificed to the moon. . . . Now come the nights of the big ripe moons—harvest moon and hunter's moon—September and October. No planet compares with the moon as a source of feminine superstitions, so I thought it timely to have a talk with a lady who really *knows* her moons. She is Marian Lockwood of the Hayden Planetarium. . . . "Here on earth," said Miss Lockwood, "we are moon paupers. There are twenty-eight moons in our solar system, and we can see *only one* of them." . . . Imagine having twenty-eight moons under which girls and boys might become sentimental! . . . "Autumn moons look luscious," Miss lockwood told me, "because they rise full and round near the horizon, where thick layers of atmosphere are colored rich with red and orange light waves. In winter, when the sun is low in the sky, the full moon sails high and pale. The higher the sun the lower the moon, and *vice versa*." . . . Five college courses in poetry and literature led Marian Lockwood to the moon and stars. From imaginative writing she branched off to help the astronomers tell their wonderful story in plain words. Up on Monhegan Island, in Maine, she has endless arguments with Captain Wallace, a salty seafaring man, as to whether or not the moon controls fishing luck. Like all scientific workers, Miss Lockwood disbelieves in the influence of the moon on human affairs. Old believers claim the moon can even pull out fence posts that have been put in when the moon was waning. . . . Now that we are returning to horse-and-buggy pleasures, Miss Lockwood reminds us that the harvest moon and the hunter's moon are grand for straw rides. . . . Look at that moon! *There's* something the war can't touch!


AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY PHOTO

Of twenty-eight moons in our solar system, Marian Lockwood points out, we see only one.

THIS shows what men in uniform can get away with: . . . At an army-post house party given by married officers and their wives, a girl guest going for a moonlight stroll with a young lieutenant asked him to take care of her coat. He hung it on a bench and forgot about it, as did she. It stayed there all night, was soaked by a shower, to be discovered shapeless in the morning by the dismayed young lieutenant while the girl still slept. He rushed it to a tailor for quick pressing so she'd never know. "Thank you," said she when he returned it to her. Then she looked again and said, "Where are the buttons?" To tell her the tailor must have removed them would have spoiled his act, so he stammered, "Well—I—I guess some of the boys snipped 'em off as souvenirs." . . . And so accustomed was she to girls wanting soldiers' buttons for souvenirs that she believed him. She has felt popular ever since.

CUTTING down home expenses aids our war effort. Sidney Margolius has written a helpful new guide, How to Buy More for Your Money. (Published by Modern Age Books. $1.)

A WHILE back I wrote about selecting children's names, and I'm still getting letters asking for suggestions. The other day I was introduced to a baby girl with an unusual name that I consider charming. Her name is *Marie Brunette*. André Spire, the French refugee poet and economist, is her father. I wanted to know if there was any special reason for the baby's pretty name. *"Three* reasons," replied M. Spire. "It was my grandmother's name. It was my great-grandma's name. It was also the name of a little sailing yacht I used to own and love. A rich Nazi has confiscated my boat. Now we are far from home, but again we have a Marie Brunette in the family."

TURNING again toward moon lore—hang on to any *moonstones* you may possess. With the Jap invasion of Java this form of feldspar jewel will be increasingly rare. An old necklace of carved moonstones is worth real money now.

WHILE the fresh-peach season is still with us, try this glorious *Georgia Ham Supper:* . . . Use a center cut of ham ½ inch thick. Sear quickly on both sides and lay in buttered casserole. Prepare a batter with 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 cup grated fresh corn or canned corn, ½ cup chopped fresh peaches. Add enough milk to make batter moist. Quantity of milk will depend upon juiciness of peaches. Pour batter over ham. Bake 35 minutes in moderate oven. On the side serve a bowl of sliced ripe tomatoes dressed with lemon juice and cream.

IN these blasé times there is nothing new about separate bedrooms for husbands and wives—but separate kitchens *are* a novelty. I've just heard of a wealthy couple installing two kitchens in their apartment—one for her, one for him. Both are amateur cooking enthusiasts, and the only thing they ever fight about is their cooking. An old-fashioned double bed suits them fine.

JUNGLE GOLD

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

Jealousy, despair, a man's heart and a woman's kiss! A swift, colorful tale of the Amazon rubber forests

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

VICKY LATHAM went down from New York to visit her sister Sue and Sue's husband, Hugo Ackerson, at the Toledo Rubber Company's plantation on the Amazon River. She was very fond of Hugo and it was a great shock to her to discover that Sue and John Bartell, Hugo's assistant at the plantation, were in love. Sue wanted John to run away with her, but his loyalty to Hugo and his feeling that it was his duty to stay on his job when his country needed rubber, gave him strength to refuse.

Sue, furious at being unable to bend him to her will, started a flirtation with Alfredo Colon, a Brazilian rubber expert who had come to help at the plantation, and ignored John. Vicky, on the other hand, was sweet to him. He didn't know that she was deliberately trying to take him away from Sue to save Hugo from being hurt.

John kept busy preparing for a trip into the jungle to look for wild rubber trees. It was imperative to get more rubber, as Nazi saboteurs had destroyed several boatloads on the way down the river. One night John was wakened by Vicky with the terrifying news that the plantation's boats and sheds were on fire. More sabotage?

PART FOUR—VICKY DECLARES WAR

JOHN BARTELL jammed his feet into sandals. He relaxed a hard grip on Vicky's shoulders and reached above her to pull violently at folds of mosquito netting around his bed that entrammeled them both.

"How'd it start?" he flung out.

"I don't know! I couldn't sleep, and the smell of smoke—"

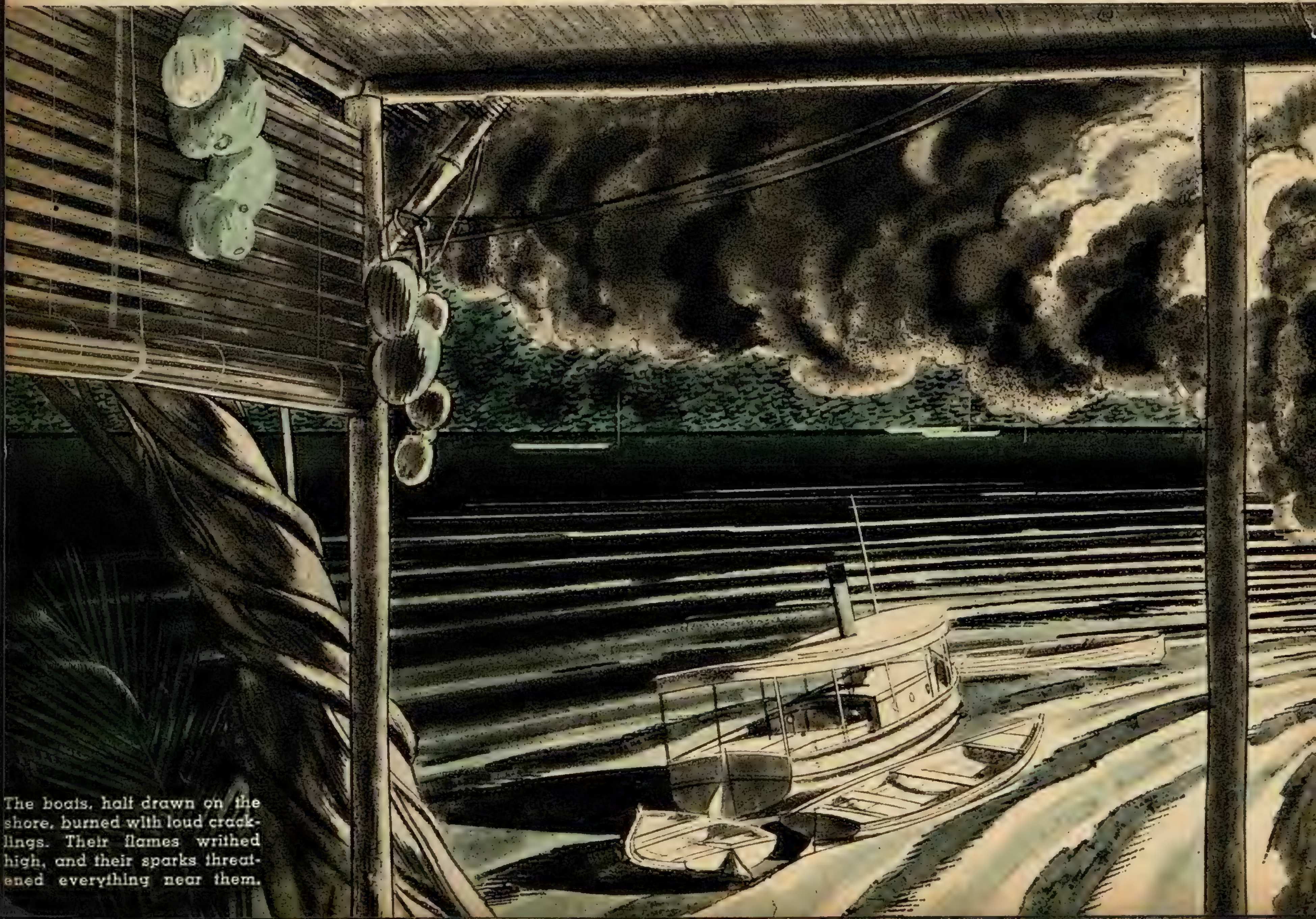
"See any one?"

"No!"

The tangled netting seemed to bind Vicky to him. He felt the pressure of her body against his own, warm and soft and palpitant, and the brief contact startled him. It made him look at her face. Very close to his, it was flushed by the lurid glow that came through the window.

Then he was free of the netting. He ran past her.

He saw that the two large boats were burning; so was the roof of one of the sheds. The wild red light, illuminating the whole *fazenda,* played on the natives as they ran from their quarters. They came with shouts. Hugo Ackerson, in pajamas, frantically waved them toward the water while he kicked open the door of the flaming shed. Inside there were a few steel tools which could still be saved.



The boats, half drawn on the shore, burned with loud cracklings. Their flames writhed high, and their sparks threatened everything near them.

By the time John reached the outcropping of land, a bucket brigade was forming; but it had pitifully few buckets. The *caboclos* were using rubber gatherers' pails and cooking pots and large gourds that had known household service.

"Machetes!" Hugo yelled to the women. "Get machetes!"

John ran past him to the boats. He could see, in despair, that it was too late to save them. And though waves of heat beat against his body, there was the paradox of iciness in his heart—a cold, unutterable fury for the men who had caused this. He recalled everything he had heard of fires on other *fazendas*. Now the war had struck here too—unless this was an accident. But an accidental fire would hardly have settled on the boats and the shed, leaving the dry brush all around them untouched.

The boats, half drawn on the shore, burned with loud cracklings. Their flames writhed high, and their sparks threatened everything near them. Only their prows hadn't yet caught the blaze.

"Miguel!" John called. "Desiderio!"

The two *caboclos* abandoned the bucket line to join him. All three put their shoulders to a prow and shoved like bullocks, digging their feet into the soil. The big boat yielded ground. When it was in the river they gave it a last mighty push that sent it floating into the calm of the cove. They did the same with the second one, and then John, breathing hard, went to help those who were flinging water at the shed. As he came into its fierce heat the muscles of his long, hard body stood out clearly through the sweat-soaked pajamas.

He shouted to the *caboclos*, "Pour some of that water on the ground! Kill those sparks!"

Behind the shed he saw the *cabocla* women laboring. With machetes they hacked away brush and saplings and dry grass—anything which could serve as flame fodder. John recognized an atavistic frenzy in the way they worked, wielding blades blood-red with fire light; swinging them lustily left and right, destroying everything they touched. Modern Amazons, their strength magnificent. . . .

With a volcanic upheaval of sparks, the shed's roof collapsed. John had to leap away from it. He collided with some one and turned to find it was Sue. With Vicky, she had joined the bucket line, though Vicky was near the water. He looked at the flimsy wrap she wore over her pajamas.

"You'd better get out of this," he said. "A spark on that thing will send it up in flame."

Her eyes flashed with fires of their own. Without answering, she walked out of the line, away from him. . . .

John felt as if he'd been slapped. He glared savagely at the blazing wreckage. Then, because he had to vent his fury in action, he went to Hugo.

"I'm taking the launch out," he said, "and a couple of men with rifles."

Hugo answered, "Good luck."

John called to two *caboclos*, Rafael and Simon. At the same time he saw Alfredo Colon and remembered the accuracy with which the Brazilian had brought down vultures.

"Will you come along?" he asked.

"Certainly." Colon sounded harsh.

They had the launch out of the cove within a few minutes. John stood in the prow, a rifle in his hands. Though Sue's silent rebuke quivered in him like an arrow, he tried not to think of it. He forced his mind to the thought that whoever had started the fire couldn't have got very far away. It was scarcely twenty minutes since Vicky had shaken him out of sleep.

With Miguel Azora at the wheel, the boat swished its way downstream at full speed. There was no moon tonight, but the launch carried a light that Miguel stabbed over the river and along the banks. Its beam swarmed with insects. On the shore it revealed a tapir that scurried into underbrush, a little capybara, and a spotted jaguar that vanished with a leap.

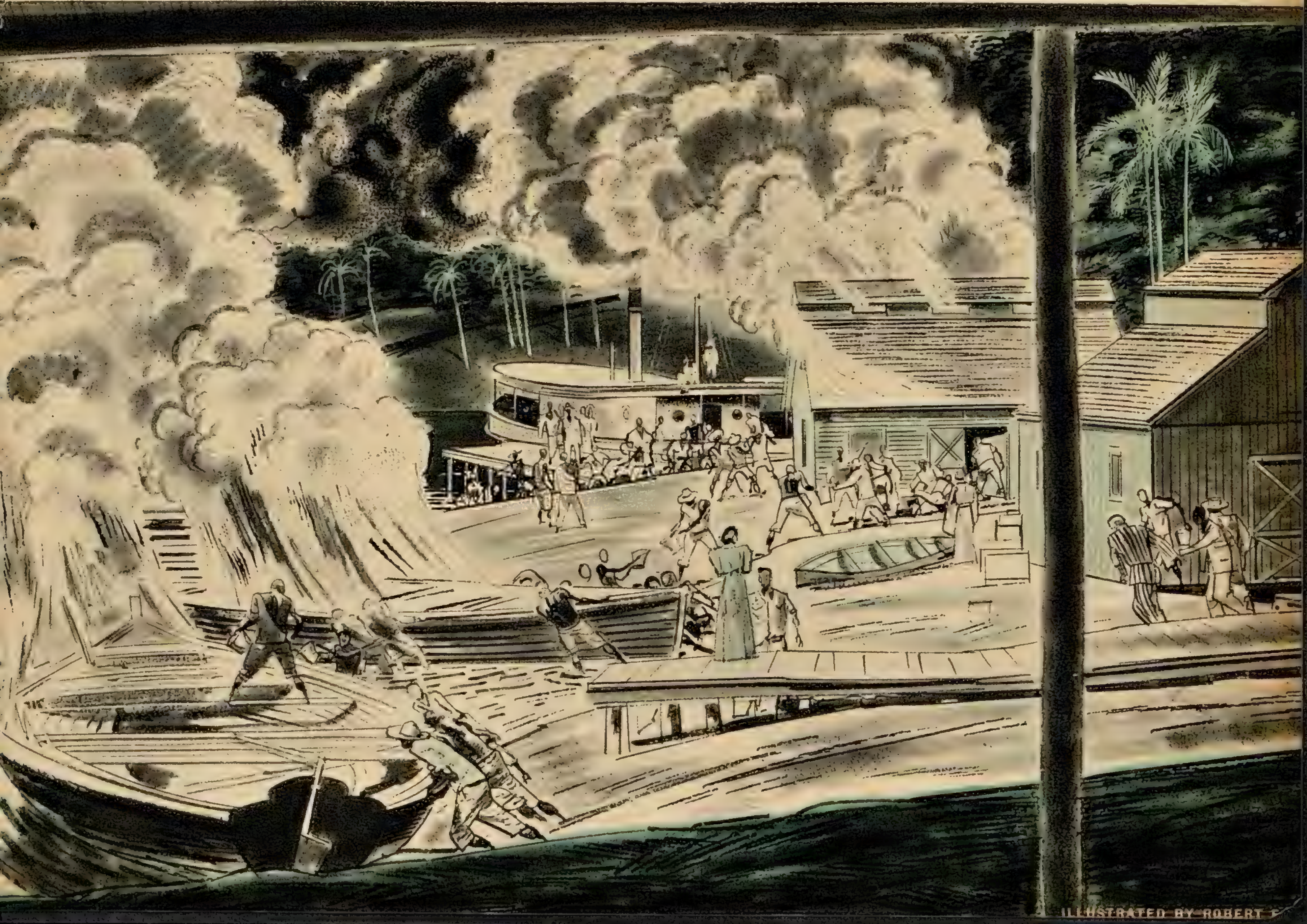
But though they sped downstream for almost four miles, they saw no dugouts and no men.

"It is useless to go farther," Colon objected. "They couldn't have paddled such a distance so quickly."

John agreed. "Go back, Miguel," he said. "We'll try upriver."

When they turned, the red glow over the plantation served as a beacon. They passed it, continued upstream for almost eight miles before John shook his head.

"No use," he muttered. "They must have gone across the river."



ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT

"By this time they're many miles away," grunted Miguel. "We won't find them."

John put down his rifle with a thud. He looked at Colon and the two *caboclos*, and his eyes were bitter. "Well, it's another Nazi victory. Without boats we can't ship our rubber."

Old Simon, who had the pinched and wrinkled face of a monkey, declared with passion, "It is nothing, senhor! We will build new boats."

"That will take a couple of months."

"Not the way we will work this time!"

Colon, contemplating the aged *caboclo*, said dryly, "The men were afraid to go to Manaos, anyway, boats or no boats. Why should they want new boats?"

At that, Simon turned to him in outrage. "It is true we did not want to go, senhor. But we like to make up our own minds about such things! We do not like to be *forced* to stay home by cowards who fight only in darkness and with fire. One of these days we will become so angry that—that we will *forget* to be afraid! . . ."

IT took all of the next day to clear the promontory of debris. While he worked with Hugo and the *caboclos*, John kept remembering the way Sue had looked at him during the night—a look of scorn that still rankled in him like a challenge. *I've got to do something about Sue*, he thought. He couldn't let her go on hating him. But because he didn't know what he could do, he felt baffled and desperate.

Then the afternoon rains fell, and the superintendent came to sit on John's porch. With the downpour thundering on the roof, Hugo shut his eyes and rested. He stretched out his long legs. Several minutes passed before he sighed, "Well, they did a good job of crippling us, John. Here we are with a few tons of rubber, and no way of getting it to Manaos."

John said, "How about borrowing a couple of boats till we build new ones? Think there's a chance?"

"I've been wondering. . . . Maybe at the tonka-bean *fazenda* across the river. I'll run the launch over tomorrow and see."

John thoughtfully filled a pipe. "Look, Hugo," he said. "I'm still planning to leave, the day after tomorrow. But if you want me to stay around a few days—"

"No. I want you to go. No more delays. I don't like the idea of giving them a double victory." He was silent for a time. Then he opened his eyes and gazed into the rain and spoke in a low, vibrant voice: "You've got a singlehanded opportunity to give them a terrible beating, John. Find new rubber. Find thousands of tons of it. You can make all these little fires, all these sinkings, look silly. That's the only way men like us can fight them down here—drown them in a flood of new rubber!"

When Hugo Ackerson talked like that, you forgot the weariness in his face. You forgot that he was almost fifty. You were aware only of the strength in him, the indomitability, and of the dignity he attached to his work. John wondered if Sue ever saw him that way. . . . He knew intuitively that Vicky did.

Then the rains stopped. John knocked out his pipe, and they went to resume work on the promontory.

As they passed dripping trees, there was a sudden noisy whir of wings about them. They looked up to see scores of flamingos fly across the clearing. The door of the Ackerson porch slammed as Vicky and Sue stepped out to watch the birds.

Lowering his eyes to Sue, John felt a yearning to talk to her alone again, if only to end the hostility which had risen between them. It wouldn't be much fun, during long weeks on the Juruá, to remember only that she had come to despise him.

He saw Alfredo Colon stop in front of the cottage. The Brazilian stared at the flamingos in awe.

And as the birds vanished over the jungle, Sue's voice reached John with lovely clarity—though she was speaking to Colon.

"They have a favorite spot up the river," she said. "We call it the Cove of the Birds. You can see hundreds of them there."

"So?"

"There's a trail. We'll walk over some time, if you like."

"But that would be a pleasure, senhora!"

"Perhaps tomorrow?"

John recognized that amiable tone, so intimate and full of promise. He had heard it directed to himself for almost a year and it had always thrilled him. Now, hearing it employed with Alfredo Colon, he was filled with a writhing that verged on fury.

And he saw that Vicky, too, was annoyed. She turned into the house, her eyes angry, as if she couldn't endure witnessing her sister's coquetry.

Only Hugo stood expressionless. Yet in the very blankness of his face there was a startled quality. He seemed to be trying to grasp some elusive, incredible idea, and his eyes slid from Sue to Colon.

"Better not make any plans for tomorrow," he said. "I'm going to take you with me across the river."

The Brazilian was surprised. "Indeed, senhor?"

"Give you a chance to see the land over there." For the past few days he had been going with Colon to examine the soil in the vicinity of the *fazenda*, seeking rich black loam in which the *Hevea brasiliensis*, the most productive of rubber trees, might be induced to thrive.

"The other side of the river," Colon protested, "is a long way from home, senhor."

"Our home is wherever we find the right soil." Hugo turned away, adding, "The flamingos can wait. . . ."

IN the morning, as soon as the launch had slid off across the tawny waters, John went to supervise the loading of the two dugouts which would go up the Juruá. He worked with Rafael and Desiderio, scrawny twin brothers with coffee-colored skin, neither of them over five feet tall. And Vicky came to watch them.

They stowed away sacks filled with cans of dried beef, bags of meal, and fish that had been dried and powdered and could be carried like flour. In a separate waterproof sack there was a large supply of quinine and salt tablets.

"Considering that you're going to be gone two months," Vicky observed, "you're not taking much food."

"We'll pick up most of it in the jungle," John said. "Especially fish."

Seated on an overturned dugout, she was quiet for a while. Then, her hands clasped about a lifted knee, she looked meditatively into the leaves above her.

"You know, John," she said, "it sounds as if it might be thrilling."

"It's two months of hot torture and mosquitoes and fever. I suppose it will be exciting. But there'll be many a night when I'll wish I was back here."

He had to go to his cottage then for a box of fishhooks, and when he returned Vicky was no longer there. She had gone off, Rafael said, with the senhora.

By noon the packing of food and equipment was finished.

"The hour to eat, senhor." Grinning, Desiderio tossed a fist toward his mouth. "All we need now is a good heap of ubussu leaves."

"I'll get some after lunch."

"Up the river there is a place—"

"I know. Near the Cove of the Birds."

It occurred to John, while he ate alone in his cottage, that always when Hugo had been away Sue had insisted on his taking lunch with her. On those days she used to come to watch him at his work, too. But this morning he had hardly seen her. It hurt.

HE rose suddenly, the meal forgotten. He pushed his fingers through damp hair and paced the floor. He felt miserable. . . .

It was well after two o'clock when at last, in resignation, he took a machete and set out to paddle up the river for ubussu leaves. They were large and flat, and their pliant stems could be twined into canopies to shade men in dugouts. He went, frowning.

But when he reached the farthest point of the promontory, he stopped. He stared at Sue.

She sat on a dugout that had been drawn into the shade of a tree. She wore duck trousers and a light Basque shirt. With stray spangles of sunshine darting through her hair she looked so utterly exquisite that John could find no immediate words.

"Is it so terrible a shock," she asked with a smile, "to find me here?"

"Well—I didn't expect—"

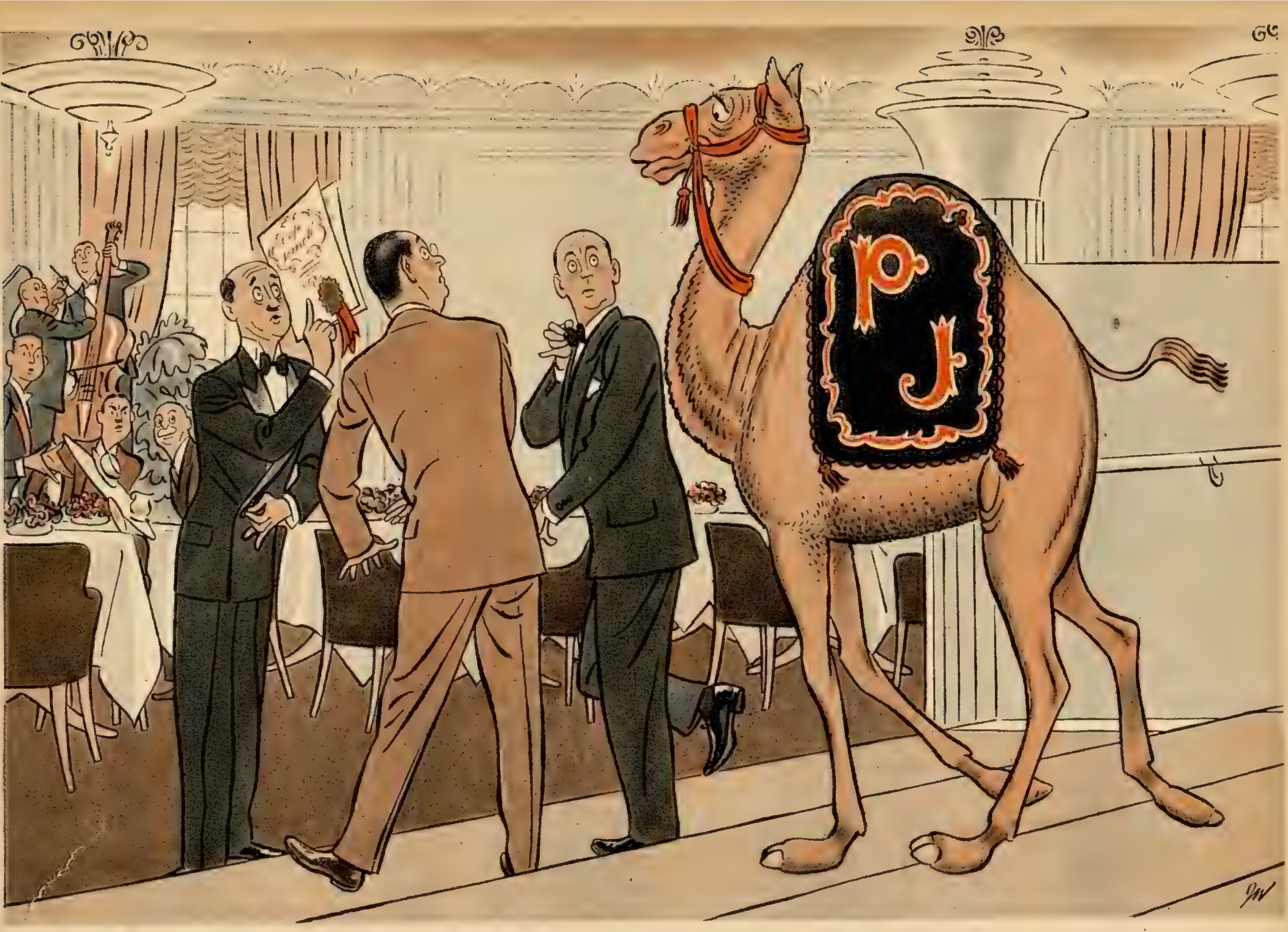
"Desiderio told me you were going for ubussu leaves."

He said with sudden hope, "Will you come along?"

"I was wishing you'd ask me."

As she rose, tall and slim, he had the feeling that she was ripping the

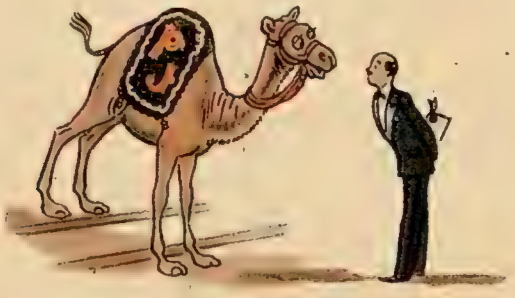
(*Continued on page 32*)



Beg pardon, sir... but is *he* with you?

HEAD WAITER: Table for two, sir? Or...er-r, excuse me, sir, but is this—ah—creature a member of your party?

CAMEL: If you refer to me, O Guider of Gourmets, I am here on business. With a message for your princely patrons.



PATRON: A message for *us?* What are you going to talk about, Camel, a trip through the Sahara with gun and camera?

CAMEL: No, Sahib. You perhaps are not aware that I am a rather distinguished camel. I am, in fact, the Paul Jones camel, the living symbol of *dryness*—that glorious quality of whiskey which some call lack of sweetness. *Dryness* explains why Paul Jones is a veritable pearl among whiskies, a rare jewel . . .

PATRON: Just what I feared, my didactic dromedary! Pearls come high these days!

CAMEL: Allow me, Sahib . . . I was about to say that this pearl among whiskies costs such a modest sum that almost anyone can afford it!

PATRON: Extraordinary, Camel! Really extraordinary! Well, well! Suppose you join us and we'll sample a bit of this remarkable Paul Jones right now . . .
table for *three,* please!

The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry

Paul Jones

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

(*Continued from page 30*)

past week out of their memories. It dazed him. He looked back.

"Where's Vicky?"

"Asleep on the porch."

He tossed the machete into a dugout. As he pushed the boat into the water, his chest hammered hard. He extended a hand to Sue, helped her settle in the prow.

While he paddled up the river, his eyes never left her face. This was the Sue he had loved for a year—looking at him dreamily, one hand trailing in the water. This was the way they had so often paddled.

"I'm glad you came," he said. "I didn't want to leave without talking to you."

"To say what, John?"

"Now you're here, I hardly know."

She smiled. Her eyes sank to watch the tiny wake that streamed back from her hand. "I expected that. . . . You're a strange sort of man, John. I've come to think lately that I never really knew you."

"Why?"

"Well, I used to imagine we were much alike, you and I. So I—judged your feelings by my own. That, it turns out, is a dangerous thing to do."

She lifted her eyes to his, and though she still smiled, it was a smile of disillusionment. "I guess the trouble was I took you too seriously, John. I should have had sense enough to understand you were simply—oh, trying to find a little fun in this Godforsaken life. I can't blame you much."

"THAT isn't true." He spoke harshly. "You know it isn't."

Her silence and her arched brows were more skeptical than words. She watched a butterfly pass between them.

He began, "The trouble is, I can't—"

"Oh, I understand, John."

It sounded as if she were trying to soothe him as an adult soothes a child; as if nothing he could say would affect her cynicism. He rebelled.

"I didn't intend to go through this again, Sue. But you've got to know how I feel."

"You want me to believe you love me."

"Yes!"

She laughed with brittle mockery. "But not quite enough to do anything about it. Just a nice, comfortable, distant kind of love that involves no action, no risks—"

"Sue, that isn't fair."

They rounded a bend in the shoreline, and the Cove of the Birds lay ahead of them. It was a miraculous place. The first time he had seen it John Bartell had gaped as if it were an impossible hallucination. There were thousands of birds. Why they had chosen that particular cove in which to gather, nobody knew. Yet there they were, parrots and parakeets and macaws of all sizes and colors, daubing the branches with scarlet and blue and yellow. *Saracura* water birds splashed along the shore, and *ciganas,* and beyond them was the vast dignified colony of flamingos, looking disdainful of their less exotic cousins, the storks. A little apart from the others a score of white egrets preened their own delicate beauty. As the dugout came into sight, the message of its presence spread through the trees. The birds set up a chorus of squeaking and shrieking, accompanied by clamorous flapping of wings, that was almost beyond the endurance of civilized ears.

"When they act naughty we scare them with stories about civilization."

And yet John was aware of them today only as the kaleidoscopic background against which he saw Sue.

He started to speak. But something happened that all but lifted him to his feet.

Without warning, without apparent reason, Sue's whole body heaved up in the boat. She screamed in pain, a scream of such wild agony that it shattered even the uproar of the birds. Her face was seized by a spasm of horror. She snatched her hand out of the water, lifted it high, stiffly, then collapsed, to lie stunned in the bottom of the boat. . . .

With a cry, John scrambled toward her. As he went he saw something glide away from under the dugout—a long snakelike shadow that vanished with the speed of an arrow.

"Sue!" He was hoarse. "*Sue!*"

She looked at him with dilated eyes, unable to talk.

They were only a few feet from shore. His face pale, he sprang out of the boat, dragged it up on the bank. He lifted her in his arms, carried her to a patch of dry grass shaded by ubussu leaves, and put her down. Kneeling beside her, he kept an arm under her shoulders.

She found the breath to whisper, "What—what was it?"

"An electric eel!"

She lifted her fingers to stare at them. He knew they must feel scorched, and he took them into his own, as if his touch could heal the pain.

They didn't speak. All she needed, he knew, was a few moments of rest after the shock. She'd be all right.

The trees above them were noisy with parrots, beautiful with the brilliance of their plumage. To hold Sue in his arms like this, close to himself, in a jungle sanctuary which they shared only with the birds, stirred John Bartell with emotions he couldn't stifle. It seemed to him that she had never been lovelier than she was now—pale and a little frightened.

He looked down into her eyes, and presently he saw a pain in them that had nothing to do with the electric eel. It was a pain of heart, a longing that welled up to envelop him. He saw her whole body strain upward, her lips coming toward his with a kind of importunity.

"Darling," she whispered. "Oh, darling—"

And then his lips were on hers. He felt her arm go around him convulsively. She clung to him in desperation. His arms tightened their hold and he lost himself in the kiss.

When he could think again, he was filled with a crazy turbulence of joy and bitterness. She was right, he told himself. He had been mad to allow anything in the world to rob them of happiness like this. He loved her, and that was all that mattered. His whole being hungered for her. And a love such as he felt had to be ruthless, possessive, for its own sake. It couldn't survive on evasion and denial. You had to seize it and hold it and fight for it. Against everything. Against every one. Even against Hugo.

He was crushing her with a decisive fierceness she had never before felt in him.

"Sue," he said harshly, "I'm going to take you to the States!"

First she was amazed. Then, in a rush of ecstasy, she pulled his head down and kissed him hard, eagerly. She closed her eyes, pressed her cheek to his.

"But it's got to be an honest break with Hugo," he said. "We've got to tell him exactly how things are."

"Darling, *when?*"

"Give me two months. As soon as I come back."

She sank away from him in dismay. "Two months! John, there's no need for you to go! *Please* don't—"

"I've got to. It's the only way to vindicate the years I've spent down here. Let me find new rubber, and my job'll be done."

She must have seen in his face that this was the one thing no amount of dissuasion would overcome; after looking at him a while she surrendered with a sigh.

She sought his lips again. And it seemed to John, as he held her against himself and closed his eyes, that the stridency of parrots was the loveliest of all earthly music. . . .

IN the light of a hanging oil lamp Vicky Latham undressed that night with a sense of unease that touched on fear. It gnawed at her, whispered strange suspicions. For there was a new radiance about Sue today, a glow that softened her eyes, heightened her color. It had been there, Vicky knew, ever since Sue and John had come back from the Cove of the Birds.

Half undressed, she sat still on the

edge of her cot, frowning at the floor.

During dinner she had been particularly aware of the change in Sue. Of course, there had been good reason for its being a cheerful meal. Hugo had returned after the rains with two large boats in tow. "We can have them for six weeks," he'd announced. "Time enough! And from now on somebody stands guard every night."

Because it would be John's last dinner at the *fazenda* for two months, Sue had made it a gala affair. She'd had soup and fish and *feijoada*—a holiday dish in which a dozen delicacies were mixed. And she'd been extraordinarily gay, most of her smiles and conversation being directed at John. Though Hugo had appeared to accept all this as a natural and pleasant farewell tribute, Alfredo Colon had looked a bit distressed. It was the first time he had failed to hold Sue's attention.

Vicky was worried. She pushed her slipper about with her toe. And then, with a start, she glanced up to see Sue in the door—Sue in blue pajamas, leaning easily against the wall.

In Sue's eyes Vicky saw excitement and a kind of triumph. With Hugo having a final talk in John's cottage, they were alone. And Sue needed a moment of complete victory.

"There's something I want you to know, Vicky." She spoke softly. "When John comes back from the Juruá, we're going to the States."

The shock of it held Vicky rigid. When she rose, her face was white.

"Sue!" she whispered.

"We decided on it this afternoon."

"Sue, you *can't!"*

"No?" Sue's tone hinted of mockery. "Why not?"

"What—what about Hugo?"

"Well, what about him? I've spent three years living for Hugo. Isn't it about time I began living for myself?"

PANIC began to rise in Vicky. And fury, too. It blazed in her eyes. She thought, *You've been living for yourself all your life!* But she didn't say that. She felt she had to be calm with Sue. Reasonable and persuasive.

"Darling, I've been thinking it out for a year."

"You've been thinking only of getting away. Never of being happy with Hugo. I saw it in your letters. And yet Hugo and you *could* be happy—if you'd give him half a chance."

Sue uttered a cynical laugh.

Vicky insisted: "There's something solid and fine in Hugo—something you won't find in many men. I'm saying this for your own sake, Sue. I don't want to see you wreck—"

"You think I'd wreck my life with John Bartell?" Sue seemed amused by the warning.

"I don't know what you'd do. I—I just don't believe you love him. Infatuation maybe. But not love."

"I'm the only one who can judge that."

"Oh, Sue, I've watched you all week. When it wasn't John it was Colon."

"Now, Vicky—"

"You know it's so." In despair, Vicky saw that her words were having no effect. Sue still smiled in that same exasperating way. The futility of her efforts drove Vicky to a more impassioned attack. "You've been dropping one man for another as long as I can remember. You've been more interested in variety than in love. But this time it's worse than ever, because Hugo isn't like the others. Hugo isn't a kid, out for fun. Being the kind of man he is, he'll be stabbed to the heart. Not only because he loves you but because he loves John too."

"The only thing Hugo loves," Sue scoffed, "is this sweltering hell, and he can have it."

"He won't keep you here forever."

"You bet he won't. Three years is all I'm going to take."

"Sue, it's wrong, all wrong! He told you what to expect before you married him. You didn't care then. You—"

Vicky stopped. It wasn't that Sue had been angered or even annoyed. Sue simply looked bored. She waved a casual hand and turned to the door. Over her shoulder she said, "Vic darling, why don't you grow up?"

Vicky felt choked by a consuming rage. She whispered, "Sue, I'm not going to let you do it!"

"Aren't you? I don't see how you can stop it. . . ."

Is Sue right? Can her sister do nothing to keep her from running away with John? Read next week's surprising chapter in which Vicky, in desperation, takes a dangerous step.

CROSSWORDS

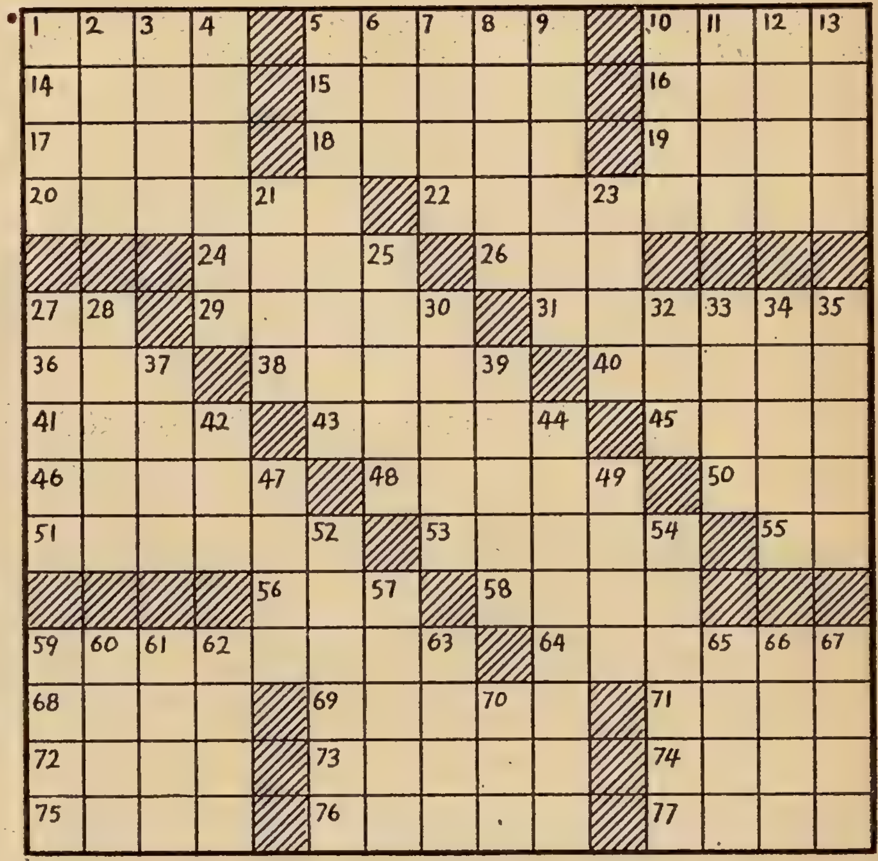
BY LEE PASQUIN

HORIZONTAL

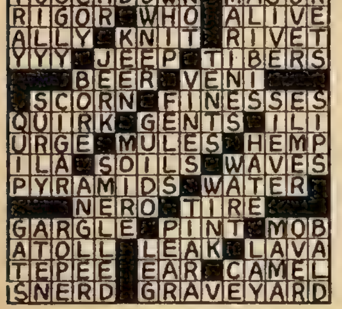
1 Branches of learning
5 Picked
10 Quarrel (colloq.)
14 Work
15 Pry bar
16 Mohammedan judge
17 Jar (Sp.)
18 Goddess of peace
19 Dry
20 Full meeting of legislative body
22 Mining explosive
24 Snare
26 Speed
27 Exist
29 Silk fabric
31 Figure of speech
36 Word (Fr.)
38 One afflicted with a certain disease
40 Periodically rising and falling
41 Desert dweller
43 Drain
45 Spanish title of respect
46 Short-billed rail (pl.)
48 Replaced
50 Permit
51 Breathed stertorously
53 Stirred up (colloq.)
55 Prefix: apart
56 Fox (Scot.)
58 Close by
59 Raises
64 Irritates
68 Unusual
69 Province in Spain
71 Stare
72 Egyptian goddess
73 Old game of cards
74 Unencumbered
75 Proofreading term
76 Funeral oration
77 Want

VERTICAL

1 At the summit of
2 Revolve
3 Slab of baked clay
4 Slopes
5 Region (pl.)
6 Pronoun
7 Above
8 Mexican title
9 Place of nether darkness
10 Cicatrix
11 Prefix: equal
12 Mine entrance
13 Current
21 Russian mountain range
23 Single person or thing
25 Bagpipe player
27 Pile up
28 Feeble-minded person
30 Fresher
32 Among
33 Image
34 Path (pl.)
35 Excite
37 Edible tropical plant
39 Sap
42 Barrier
44 Banish
47 Bristle
49 Rend
52 Foolish affection
54 Fabulous animal
57 Satan
59 Silkworm (pl.)
60 Most recent
61 County in New York State
62 Article of clothing
63 Store for fodder
65 Narrow band
66 Foil
67 Dispatch
70 Limb



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



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Y	Y	Y	■	J	E	E	P	■	T	I	B	E	R	S
■	■	■	B	E	E	R	■	V	E	N	I	■	■	■
■	S	C	O	R	N	■	F	I	N	E	S	S	E	S
Q	U	I	R	K	■	G	E	N	T	S	■	I	L	I
U	R	G	E	■	M	U	L	E	S	■	H	E	M	P
I	L	A	■	S	O	I	L	S	■	W	A	V	E	S
P	Y	R	A	M	I	D	S	■	W	A	T	E	R	■
■	■	■	N	E	R	O	■	T	I	R	E	■	■	■
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T	E	P	E	E	■	E	A	R	■	C	A	M	E	L
S	N	E	R	D	■	G	R	A	V	E	Y	A	R	D

Last week's answer

FOUR HEADING EAST

Continued from Page 11

Sisco had pulled himself up, lit a cigarette, and snapped the match out of the window. "I want a real meal pretty soon," he had said belligerently. "That sandwich is nothing but a memory. A fighter's got to keep himself in shape."

"Is that your line?" Stella asked.

"Yeah—when I catch up to it." He had stopped talking then and turned abruptly to the window.

That had been nearly three hours ago. Now blue twilight lay ahead of them, and they were all sitting up straight, looking for a place to eat.

Ahead of them a neon light writhed across a low log building set in a mangy clump of trees. DINE—DANCE the light said. It wasn't the kind of place Bart would have picked out, but his herd was getting restless.

Stella said to Bart, "A glass of beer wouldn't hurt anybody on a hot night. How about it, boss?"

Bart was ordering. "Why not? But skip Sisco. He's driving after supper."

Sisco had just put a nickel in the juke box. He said with heavy sarcasm, "How about a dance, Miss Murray? Unless teacher thinks it might make me dizzy. What's your first name, Babe? I don't go for this Miss stuff."

"Beth," she said, "not Babe." But she let him pull her up and out onto the floor.

Bart and Stella watched them. Sisco was a surprisingly good dancer, but his big hand planted on the girl's thin blouse was offensive to Bart.

Stella was sipping her beer and talking again, her wise, weathered face still on Sisco and the girl.

"I wonder why a big strong guy like that isn't in the army?"

A chill went over Bart, as definite as though some one had opened a window. The music stopped. He knew what was coming next. The strong impulse to justify himself. Then, in well worn sequence, the equally strong: To hell with it! Who cares what she thinks — what anybody thinks? It's my business. He had forgotten it was Sisco she had spoken of.

The next moment he became aware of trouble. Sisco and the girl were at the far end of the room. Sisco was shaking the juke box as a big dog does a bone.

"I don't care about the money," he shouted. "The thing's crooked! I put in three nickels after that come-on number."

Bart saw the manager slide out from the back room. He said something inaudible, and then Sisco's loud voice came again:

"How would you like a 220-pound poke in the puss?"

Bart got up. "Come on," he said to Stella. "It looks like we eat further on." He walked over to Sisco. The manager was spluttering now, something about phoning the police. Three waitresses were strung along the wall, bug-eyed.

"All right," Bart said dryly. "You've got 'em all trembling. Now let's go."

The outside door swung open and two soldiers came in. They were talking and laughing, and slid into a booth without paying much attention to the others.

But with their entrance a sudden change had come over Sisco. It was as though some one had cut a taut cord and all the fight had gone out of him. He put his hand on Beth's arm and gave her a rough push. "Let's get out of this dump," he muttered.

Bart went back to the table, picked up Beth's coat, and laid down a half dollar for the beers. He didn't look at the soldiers. But passing their booth he had a peculiar sensation—the same unpleasant, shamefaced feeling he had had as a boy, kept home by an invalid mother, when he had seen children on their way to school.

He pushed open the door and followed the others out.

THEY had put Kansas behind them by morning. It was breathlessly hot that day, but in the later afternoon they ran into a storm.

The two men were in front now, Sisco at the wheel. In the back seat, Beth slept with her bright tangled hair against Stella's plump shoulder. When she sat up, blinking, the rain was coming down hard.

Bart was saying, "What would you all think of taking time out tonight instead of tomorrow? We can't get far in this."

The prospect of stopping gave them all new life. They rolled into a small town somewhere in Missouri, and at the far side of town they found the Swanee Motel, a group of log cabins huddled around a central building.

Sisco had a look in the lunchroom while the others were checking in. "They got a radio," he reported to Beth. "You and I'll finish that dance. Let 'em go to bed if they feel like it." He smirked at Bart. "School's out, huh, teacher? Maybe for a couple of hours we can take care of ourselves."

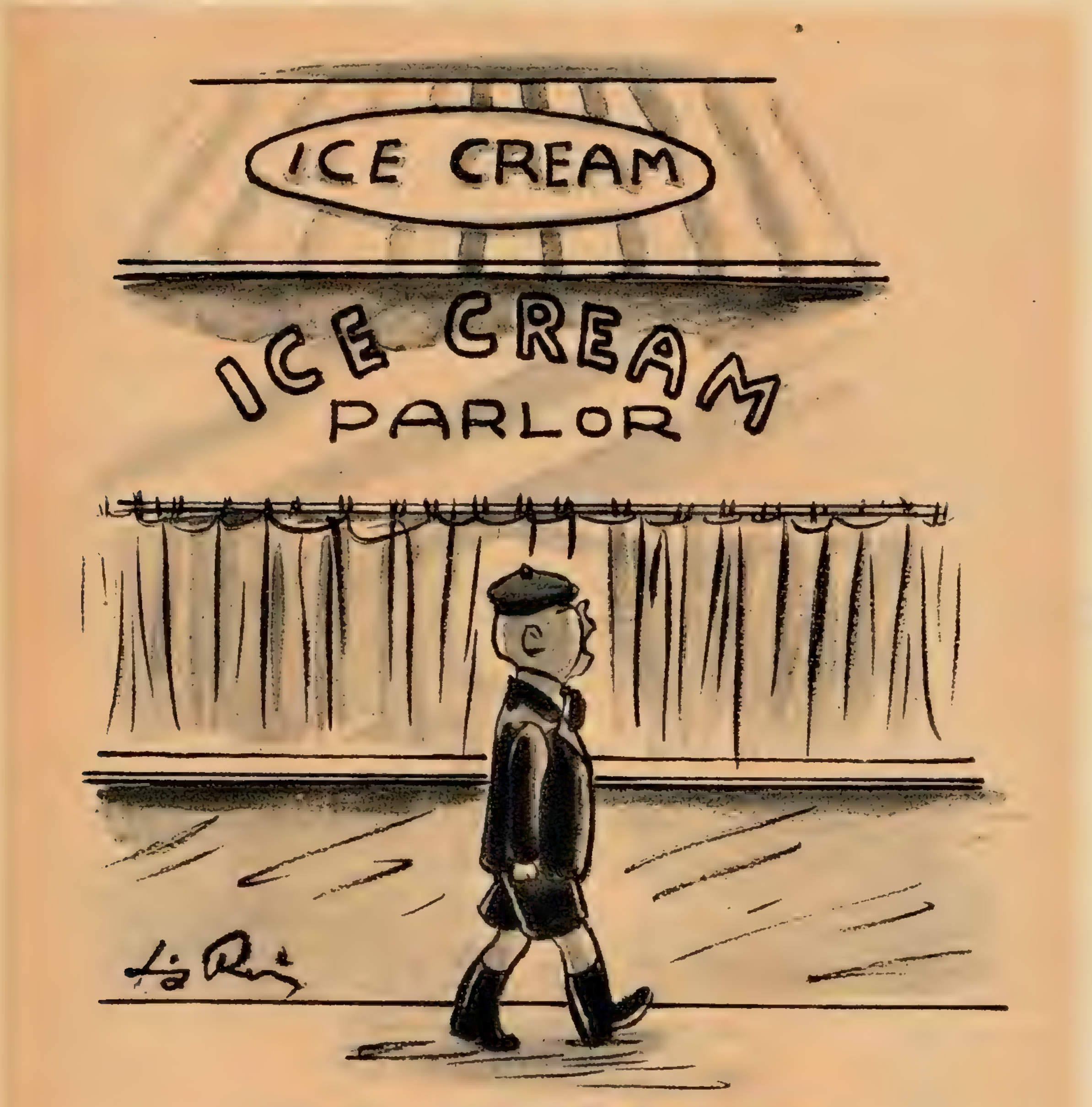
Bart said, "I don't give a damn what you do."

Bart thought, That's a lie. I care what he does, all right, as long as she's in on it. And he thought again, as he had thought several times that day—the time when Sisco had disputed long and loudly over the change a service-station man had given him, the time at lunch when he had put his hand on Beth's knee, the time he had stepped on the gas and yelled at the truck driver who had attempted to pass: It's coming. Oh, boy, it's coming! Sometime before this trip is over you two are due for a showdown. It may be suicide—but, boy, that's one collision you can't avoid.

THE thing that made Beth so furious was the way it would look to Bart. That he'd think that she, as well as Sisco, had been nervy enough to take his car and go off in it without his permission. She didn't blame Bart for being mad—who wouldn't be?

It happened this way. Bart and

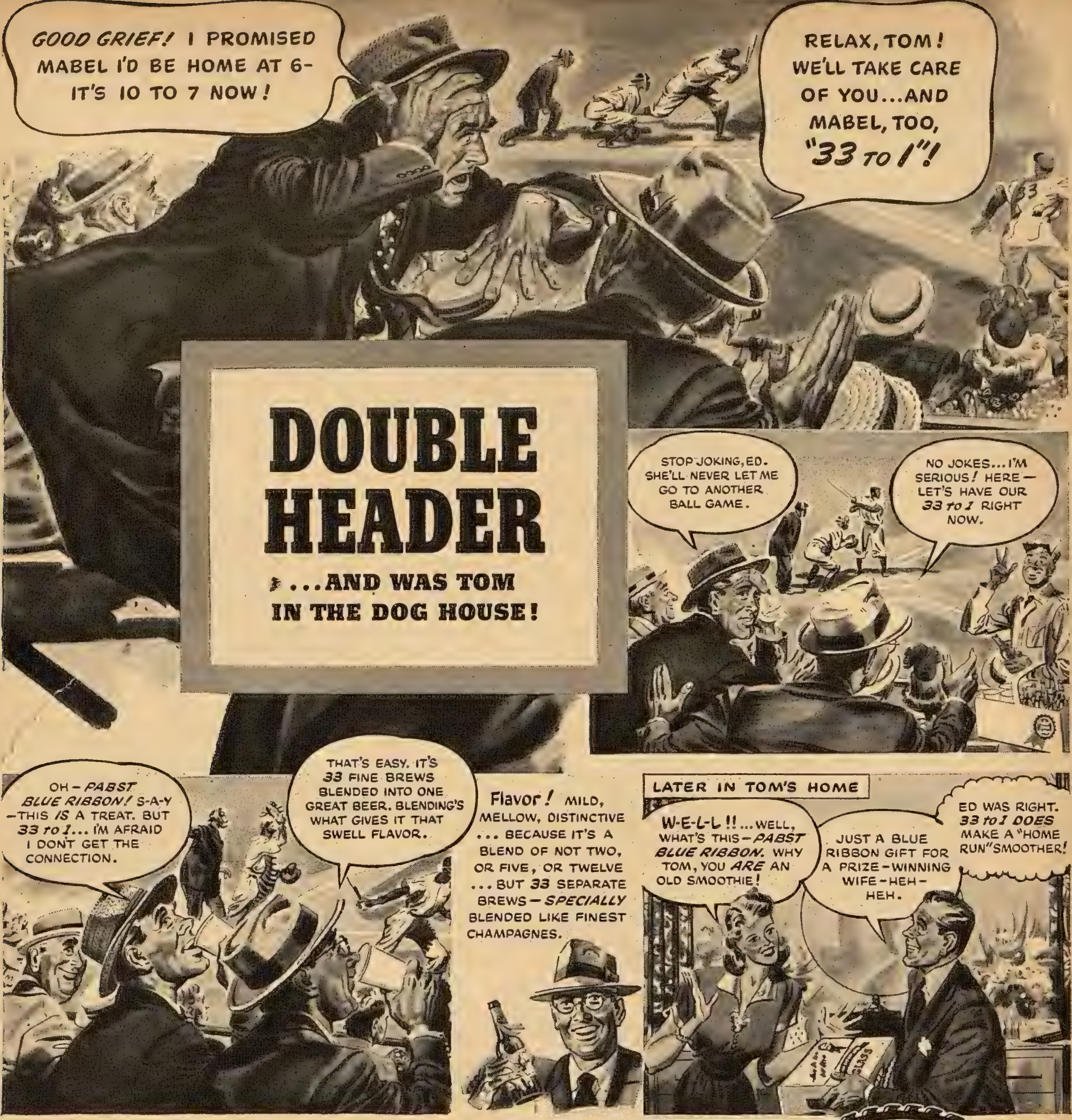
(*Continued on page 36*)



"War Bonds . . . I gotta buy War Bonds. Get thee behind me, Satan . . . I gotta buy War Bonds!"

DOUBLE HEADER

...AND WAS TOM IN THE DOG HOUSE!


GOOD GRIEF! I PROMISED MABEL I'D BE HOME AT 6- IT'S 10 TO 7 NOW!
RELAX, TOM! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU...AND MABEL, TOO, "33 TO 1"!
STOP JOKING, ED. SHE'LL NEVER LET ME GO TO ANOTHER BALL GAME.
NO JOKES...I'M SERIOUS! HERE—LET'S HAVE OUR 33 TO 1 RIGHT NOW.
OH—PABST BLUE RIBBON! S-A-Y—THIS IS A TREAT. BUT 33 TO 1... I'M AFRAID I DON'T GET THE CONNECTION.
THAT'S EASY. IT'S 33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER. BLENDING'S WHAT GIVES IT THAT SWELL FLAVOR.
Flavor! MILD, MELLOW, DISTINCTIVE ... BECAUSE IT'S A BLEND OF NOT TWO, OR FIVE, OR TWELVE ... BUT 33 SEPARATE BREWS—SPECIALLY BLENDED LIKE FINEST CHAMPAGNES.
LATER IN TOM'S HOME
W-E-L-L!!...WELL, WHAT'S THIS—PABST BLUE RIBBON. WHY TOM, YOU ARE AN OLD SMOOTHIE!
JUST A BLUE RIBBON GIFT FOR A PRIZE-WINNING WIFE-HEH-HEH.
ED WAS RIGHT. 33 TO 1 DOES MAKE A "HOME RUN" SMOOTHER!

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Pabst Blue Ribbon
PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER

Pour it with pride. For here is a beer that's blended like finest champagnes... each sparkling drop a blend of 33 fine brews. In handsome regular and new quart size bottles—and on draft at better places.

33 Fine Brews Blended into One Great Beer

(*Continued from page 34*)

Stella had both disappeared after supper into their separate cabins, but Sisco had hung around trying to get her to go back to the lunchroom for a beer and a dance. She hadn't wanted to. Bart had gone, and suddenly she had felt tired. Finally she had agreed to have a cigarette before she went to bed.

The car had been parked in front of the women's cabin, at some little distance from the one Bart had taken. Cigarettes and matches were both in the glove compartment. So, in order to get out of the rain, she and Sisco had crawled into the front seat to smoke. Then, without any warning, he had leaned forward, started the motor, and rolled onto the highway.

"I saw a joint back here that didn't look so bad. The music sounded hot. Let's take a squint at it."

She hadn't let him get far. She'd put up enough of a row so that he saw it wasn't going to be any fun, and at the first side road he'd backed around. She didn't suppose they'd been gone more than ten minutes, but when they turned back into the Swanee Motel's circular drive, there was Bart standing in the rain where the car had been parked, his coat collar turned up and his voice hoarse with anger.

"What you two do is none of my business, but that doesn't go for my car! You can be damn sure I'll keep the key in my pocket from now on."

Sisco had moved forward, his big shoulders rising. "You want to settle it? You want to get the whole thing off your chest right now?"

Stella's voice, throaty with sleep, boomed softly through the dark window, "Save it, boys. Save it! I wouldn't miss that match for anything. That's a brawl that's gonna make history. But it's too wet and all-round uncomfortable to stand out there and do any cheering now."

Beth put her hand on Bart's arm, and he looked down at her as though the touch confused him. Sisco's shoulders dropped and he muttered, "Stand around all night in the rain if you want to. I'm gonna grab some sleep."

He turned and padded off in the direction of the men's cabin. The moment had passed again, but they all knew it had only been postponed.

Beth said, "Bart—you've got to let me tell you. I can't sleep until I do."

They both stood there, huddled into the little dry space by the front step of her cabin, while she told him. "Honestly," she finished, and her voice was unsteady, "I don't want to make any trouble. You said I would, and that's why I'm trying not to."

She didn't know at first how he had taken it. Maybe he doesn't believe me, she thought, or maybe he despises me for trying to whitewash myself.

When he spoke, his voice was thoughtful. "We could just dump him. I could leave whatever he's contributed so far on the bureau, and we could all be gone when he woke up."

"Don't do that. Then I'd know it was my fault."

"No," he said, "I won't do that. It's too easy. Besides, Sisco and I have got something to settle, and I'm not going to miss out on that." He looked down at her. "Why did you take the trouble to explain? What do you care what I think?"

"I don't know—but I do."

He went on persistently, "I don't know anything about you except what I can see. Where you're going, or why, or where you came from—"

"I'm just a girl going to Washington because I passed the Civil Service exams and I'm a good stenographer. I've got—well, a father and a mother—"

She wasn't thinking very much about what she was saying, and he wasn't either, because both of them knew that in a moment now he was going to kiss her.

"—and two brothers, one in Australia, and the other somewhere in the Atlantic, last we heard."

Then suddenly Bart was not there. He still stood stiffly in the doorway, but something in him had gone away.

He said shortly, "You must be very proud of them."

"Proud—proud?"

"Of your brothers."

"Oh," she said. "Oh. Yes, of course."

He said good night soon after that, and Beth went inside, into the breathy darkness of Stella's sleeping presence. She crept into the lighted bathroom and stared at herself in the mirror. Her hair was meshed with rain and there was a bright color in her cheeks.

You're slipping, old girl, she told herself. But, inside, words were falling heavily through her mind. Now you're getting it, Beth. You made them suffer—your own family—you hurt them, and now you know what it feels like.

THURSDAY was a long day. Early in the morning, and to the south, St. Louis passed in a dream, while the car slicked along the viaduct of the double bridges over the Missouri and the Mississippi. Talk lived, died, and relived again, but most of it was led by Stella, and some of it didn't mean much. The two women sat in the back most of the day, with Bart and Sisco spelling each other in the front seat.

They had lunch in a big noisy restaurant in Indianapolis and a timeless period later they ate hamburgs and drank coffee in a lunch wagon somewhere in Ohio.

Soon after dawn they rolled down the smoky main street of a mining town and found the Owl Café open. Stella and Beth did a sketchy job of washing and combing in a dark cubicle lighted by a fifteen-watt bulb.

But two hours later they were in a different world. Fresh sunlight glittered on rain-washed trees and goldenrod stood up proud and full-blossomed in the fields. Water glinted over rocks beside them and the road shone blue over the rolling country. Every one felt hot, dirty, and disheveled in this morning freshness.

Beth said dreamily, "That looks like enough water to get into. Wouldn't it be wonderful?"

Sisco threw his big arm along the back seat. "Don't forget, teacher is running this show. He don't believe in having fun."

The macadam road curved sharply ahead of them, but the stream meandered on, back country. They were all surprised when Bart left the highway and turned into the overgrown side road that followed the water. A few yards on he stopped the car under a green roof of elms.

"All right—you and Stella wade in from here. Pal, here, and I will push on a ways till we get to a decent distance. Get good and wet, now, because the next stop is Washington."

The two men disappeared into a tangle of underbrush. Stella got out of the car, very stiff in the legs, and gingerly followed Beth down the bank toward the sound of running water.

STELLA heard the commotion first. She was sitting on the bank with her shoes and stockings off, watching Beth splashing.

"Somebody's up by the car," Stella said.

They were both still, listening. There was the unmistakable sound of voices and the faint noise of the car door closing.

Stella said, "I'm dressed. I'll look."

She lumbered up the bank. Beth stood uncertainly, thigh-deep in the water. She wore a pink ruffled slip, molded wet to her body, and nothing else. After a moment Stella's gaudy figure reappeared through the brush. She was half scrambling, half sliding down the incline.

"Get the men," she said hoarsely. "Those hoodlums are going to get away with everything!"

Beth got out of the water, flung wet hair out of her eyes, pulled her skirt around her shoulders, and, her bare feet wincing away from the stubble, ran downstream. A little way off she

(*Continued on page 38*)

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 20

1. They are all Flying Fortresses that took part in the first All-American raid on Nazi-occupied France.

2. Clark Gable's. He had to get rid of it when he entered the army.

3. The President of Brazil, referring to Axis assaults on Brazilian shipping.

4. Major Alexander P. de Seversky, Liberty contributor and author of the book by that title.

5. Yip-Yip, Yaphank, produced in 1918.

6. Nineteen seconds.

7. The charge is that many men co-employees in war industries stop work to look at the girls.

8. A sounding of 35,400 feet was made off Mindanao in the Philippines.

9. Major General Carl Spaatz.

10. A series of four-line stanzas.

11. Shipping. "Shape" is the process of hiring men to work for the day; "refer" means "refrigerated cargo," and "checkers" are men who tabulate the number of pieces entering or leaving the vessel.

12. West Quoddy Head, near Eastport, Maine.

13. Walter Johnson, ex-big-league pitcher.

14. It is composed of a group of specialists who concentrate on preventing epidemics.

15. Civil Air Patrol.

16. George M. Cohan's.

17. The book represents the law. The date inscribed on it is "July 4, 1776"—thus liberty based on law.

18. Long woollies. The East is threatened with fuel rationing.

19. Commander in chief of British forces in the Middle East.

20. The Salvation Army. She is a George Bernard Shaw heroine.

ENGINE OF WAR

IT'S strange to think of the familiar, friendly locomotive as a weapon of war.

But right now that's what it is.

For locomotives really make possible all the other weapons of war we must have.

They haul the ore and fuel that steel mills require.

They take the steel to shipyards on all three coasts and on the lakes.

They bring the engines, wing assemblies and other parts to the fabulous plants where the fighting planes are made.

They bring the quantities of chemicals, coal and oil, everything that three-shift war plants demand.

And when the planes, tanks, guns and food are ready, locomotives speed them on their way to the boys at the front.

Today the locomotives of the American railroads are doing a job which, a year or so ago, would have been called impossible. And it is a job so big that only the railroads could undertake it.

It's a job that means sending off a loaded freight train every five seconds of the day and night—that means hauling a million and a quarter tons of freight a mile every minute—and, by the way, doing it for less than one cent a ton per mile.

To do it, the railroads are exacting the greatest service from every available piece of equipment. For other war requirements may prevent them from getting the additional cars and engines the job justifies.

But, with the equipment on hand and what can be obtained, these engines of war will prove themselves mighty weapons in the drive to Victory.

UNITED FOR VICTORY

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

(*Continued from page 36*)

could see Bart's white shorts and Sisco's great bare shoulders gleaming with sun and water.

Afterward she tried to remember when she had first caught on. Certainly the men had reacted quickly enough. They had lunged out of the water, thrust their legs into pants and shoes, and plunged up the hill toward the road.

Stella had followed, panting, red-faced, croaking, "I don't know how many there are! They were swarming all over—one was going after the tires. Must be four or five. Now, boys, watch yourselves. They might have guns or knives—"

"I'll go straight up to the road," Sisco was yelling. "You go on around and surprise 'em from where the girls were. Boy, oh boy, wait till I get my hands on—"

"My Lord!" Bart groaned. "If they get away in this country we'll never—Everything I own is in that car!"

"They won't get away! I and you together can handle half a dozen o' those sneaking ———s."

As soon as the men had passed them, Beth, trotting along beside Stella, felt her slacken. After a moment Stella began to laugh. She stood leaning against a tree, her dress crumpled and bursting at the seams—and she laughed and laughed.

"Poor little kids! Three of 'em, in overalls and bare feet. The oldest wasn't more than thirteen. They were eating the rest of those candy bars and trying to find out what made the windshield wipers work. Sisco reminds me of a bull headin' for a piece of red cloth that isn't there."

Beth stared at her. "What did you do it for?"

Stella sat down, took her stockings out of the bosom of her dress, and began to put them on. "I hate to see a couple of nice boys figuring how they can kill each other. If they both get mad enough together at somebody else, sometimes they forget they weren't pals in the first place."

"Oh," Beth said.

"Bart's all right, and so's Sisco. Trouble with Sisco is, he's spent his life moving from one place to another and he's never had anybody to say good-by to. He's always worrying that somebody's going to push him around, because he can't stand it to admit nobody cares enough to give him a push. I been talking to him. He doesn't know it yet, but he won't be happy till he joins the army. Only that would be Uncle Sam pushing him around."

"If you know so much," Beth said in a low voice, "maybe you can tell me what's the matter with Bart."

"That's not so easy. Bart's no talker. Something's eatin' him, all right."

They had come back to the place where Beth had left her clothes. She was fastening her blouse when she said, "Look—I'm going to tell you something, because I've got to tell somebody. If I don't, I'll go crazy. If you had two sons in the war, and one daughter left—you'd want her to stay home, wouldn't you? What I mean is—if the daughter just walked out after you'd had a row—but she—she wasn't happy about it and wanted to make it up—would you still try to get her to come home?"

"HARDTACK"
Reamer Keller

"You gave me the milkman's note. You must have put my excuse for being absent yesterday in the milk bottle!"

"It would depend somewhat on where she had gone to, and what for."

"I mean—if staying at home meant sitting around, and by going away she had a chance to do something useful."

"I guess if she talked sweet to me, I'd be so pleased at her wanting to make it up, I'd give her my blessing."

"Would you really?"

A moment later they came out onto the road. The little boys were gone. Bart was leaning against a mudguard, holding out his hand while Sisco clumsily tied a bandage around it.

"Well!" Stella said. "Did they all die of fright?"

Sisco said disgustedly, "Nothing but a bunch of kids. Minnows."

"Is that right?" marveled Stella. "Well, I didn't get a good look, and I guess I'm kind of nervous anyway—What's the matter with your hand?"

Bart said, "Like a fool, I dived into the pool back there and ran into a piece of shale. Nothing much."

Beth said, "Let me fix it, Bart. I've got a clean handkerchief." She put down the men's shirts that she had been carrying. But Stella was already examining the wounded hand.

"Next town we stop at a doctor's," Stella announced. "Just to make sure there's no broken bones."

Beth was surprised that Bart agreed.

"Maybe I'll do that. You see—" He looked around at all of them, as though what he were about to say was a shade embarrassing. "You see, they've—my old boss in Denver—is sending me to work in a bomber plant. I'm supposed to be some kind of an expert, and I need my hands."

Beth repeated softly, "An expert. I—I'm impressed."

"You needn't be," Bart said disagreeably. "Not with your two hero brothers."

"What's the matter with you?" Stella said. "What you carrying around the chip for? I bet you tried to enlist and got turned down for sour disposition."

"No—I didn't get that far. I got talked out of it. I was told I was more valuable to my country in a nice safe factory. I wanted to get into aviation. I had a pilot's license before the war."

"What a sucker!" Sisco said. "What's the dividend? Getting pushed around by a lot of—"

"What dividend are you getting?" Stella demanded briskly. "A guy like you! You've been itching for a good fight since you got out of diapers, and you waste yourself scaring the daylights out of waitresses and little boys. Why, if an army doctor saw you, he'd cry for joy. You could handle a whole tankload of Japs alone."

"Oh, hell," Sisco said, but a sheepish grin flickered out on his face.

Stella was patting a hennaed curl into place under her hat. "Bart's different. Bart's got brains in his hands. That's two kinds of power we got in this country. Your muscles and Bart's know-how. I guess we can be proud of them both. Now let's get rolling. What's the next town we hit, Bart?"

"Chambersburg."

"Well, we got two stops to make there—the doctor, and Beth's got a long-distance call to make back home. The call's on me, dearie—my emergency fund. Come in here with me, Sisco—you and I are just beginning to get acquainted."

Beth got in front beside Bart, and he headed the car for the main road.

After a moment he said, keeping his eyes on the road, "What do you think about this stuff Stella was giving us? A guy in a factory doesn't see much action. What I mean is—when you've been counting on wings, overalls are kind of a comedown."

"I—I agree with Stella. I'd—be proud."

Two miles later he said, "I understand Baltimore isn't very far from Washington."

"I'm glad."

Stella's voice boomed from the back seat: "We might have three stops to make in Chambersburg! Sisco, here, says he isn't going any place in particular, and if they got one of those places where you sign up for the big fight he might give it a try. Of course he hates to shove off before the trip's over, but I been telling him he'll be with us in the spirit. That make you feel better, Sisco?"

"Sure—a lot better."

They hit a rough place in the road and Bart listened anxiously to his tires. They'd just about get him to Baltimore. It was a one-way ticket for all of them—but then, nobody went back anywhere any more. The past filled up behind you like a hole in the sand.

Beth had drawn up one knee under her, and turned, so that she was a little nearer him. He looked down at her, and she smiled, and he felt warm all over and didn't think about the past any more.

THE END

SO YOU THINK HITLER HASN'T BLUNDERED?

Continued from Page 9

a moment in rearming—that every day that was allowed to slip by would be a day in which Britain would grow stronger, for her industry was as yet untouched, her lines of communication to the outer world were not yet menaced by any considerable number of German submarines, and she could draw upon the strength of the great dominions and in some measure upon the United States.

It was the moment of moments, from Hitler's point of view, for an all-out attack on the island of Great Britain. Such an attack would almost certainly have succeeded. It would have suffered heavy losses, many thousands of Germans would have died on the British beaches and in the waters of the Channel and the North Sea, but the German bombers could probably have cleared the way for the landing of an army with equipment which no amount of British fortitude could have withstood barehanded.

There were risks to be faced, of course—very great risks. But Hitler's object was world conquest, and the risk to that object of not striking at Britain's heart while he had the chance was far greater than any risk he might have taken in doing so. Even if beaten off in the end, he would still have had his grip on the Continent. Britain was in no position to pursue him across the Channel, and he would have had the winter before him in which to recoup his losses from the magnificent German industry and reserves of man power, then almost untouched.

But with everything to gain and almost nothing to lose, Hitler hesitated—and was himself lost. The British set to their task of arming without the loss of an instant. Across the Atlantic from America came 750,000 rifles, 30,000 machine guns, 3,000 pieces of artillery, and millions of rounds of ammunition. British factories hummed day and night turning out tanks and planes and armored cars. In thirty days the chances of success for a German invasion were sensibly diminished. In sixty days they were reduced 50 per cent at least.

Adolf Hitler had thrown away the greatest chance that had ever come or, in all probability, ever will come for the realization of German dreams of domination of the world.

THE SECOND BLUNDER—BRITAIN

IN August, 1940, perhaps in bitter realization of the chance he had lost, but more likely overpersuaded by Göring and his other air chiefs, Hitler did begin an assault on Britain—an assault from the air. Perhaps it was intended to prepare the way for an invasion. Through August, September, and October the raids continued. Daylight raids proving too costly, night bombardment was re-

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Schlitz
THE BEER
MADE MILWAUKEE
Schlitz

Now also available in the NEW Schlitz GUEST BOTTLE containing one FULL QUART—as well as in the familiar 12-ounce bottle. *On tap, too!*

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

sorted to. By the end of October, with the nights growing longer, Britain was suffering heavily. Informed British opinion now admits that had the raids been kept up only a little longer, British defenses might have been so weakened and British morale in consequence so undermined that Britain might have been willing, not to surrender, of course, but to consider a peace offer. The tremendous advantage which such a breathing space would have been to Hitler can hardly be overemphasized. It would have enabled him to consolidate his hold upon the Continent and to prepare for a reckoning with Britain under more favorable circumstances at a later day.

But the magnificent resistance of the Fighter Command of the R. A. F. had cost the Luftwaffe dearly. From August to October almost 2,500 German aircraft were lost over the British Isles. Replacements there were in plenty, but Göring lost heart. A greater leader than Hitler would have made light of Göring's fears and gone grimly on to the end. But Hitler was not the man for such a decision. He listened, he weakened, he yielded—and his second great chance was lost, never to come again.

THE THIRD BLUNDER—THE BALKANS

THE spring of 1941 found Hitler already hopelessly entrapped by the results of his errors of the previous year. On the west he was faced by a rapidly recovering Britain and on the east by a Russia more and more reluctant to co-operate with him and more and more suspicious of his intentions. He wanted desperately a period of peace for the consolidation of his gains and the restoration of his already deteriorating economic situation. But the attainment of this objective seemed as far away as ever.

Moreover, in southern Europe his wretched satellite, Mussolini, had gotten himself into trouble by a wholly unprovoked attack upon the Greeks, who were threatening to defeat Italy singlehanded. Hitler dared not attack Britain in full force, but had already come to the conclusion that he would do well to return to the principles he had laid down in Mein Kampf and seek expansion eastward. There is little doubt that by April, 1941, he had made up his mind to attack Russia. Given this decision, it was perfectly obvious that the attack should be made as early in the year as possible, to give the maximum time for gaining a decision before winter set in.

Hitler, however, became obsessed with the idea of uniting all Europe in a sacred crusade against Bolshevism. For this purpose he needed the Balkan states. Furthermore, he felt that his own prestige was being undermined by the beating his Fascist ally was taking from the Greeks, and there were already threats of Britain coming to the aid of Greece.

Hitler permitted himself to be diverted. Lured by the promise of easy victory, he turned southward and established himself in Rumania and Bulgaria. He began to bring pressure on the Yugoslavs while addressing threats to the Greeks. Fortunately for him, there was not time for the frantic British and American diplomatic efforts to effect a solid military combination of Yugoslavia and Greece, to which Turkey might possibly have adhered. But British troops entered Greece, and Hitler, incensed by this and by the defiance of the Yugoslav people, flung his legions into Greece and Yugoslavia. He won his easy victory, but he threw away six weeks of good fighting weather; six weeks that in the Russian campaign might have made all the difference between success and defeat.

In this matter there can be very little doubt that Hitler was completely outgeneraled by Winston Churchill, who appears to have foreseen Hitler's attack upon Russia and took tremendous risks, even to the deliberate loss of a campaign, besides throwing away the fruits of a hard-won victory in Africa, to divert him into the Balkans for the time being. Churchill appears to have flaunted the little British detachment in Greece very much in the manner of a man waving a red flag at a bull, so that Hitler came rushing down to expunge, as he loudly proclaimed, Britain's last foothold on the continent of Europe—at the expense of victory in Russia.

THE FOURTH BLUNDER—RUSSIA

IT is, I think, too lightly assumed that Hitler made his greatest blunder in invading Russia. A blunder it certainly was, but nothing could possibly exceed in magnitude the blunder of not attacking Britain as soon as France had fallen.

As to Russia, Hitler appears to have miscalculated his position. He seems to have been afraid of a Russian attack upon his rear if he became locked in a life-and-death struggle with the British. Yet he must have known that sooner or later he would have to come to such a struggle and that Britain was growing in might from day to day. True, his chances of success had been much diminished, but it was also true that in Britain, and there only, lay his last remaining hope for attaining a decision. He seemed unable to rid himself of the obsession that somehow, if he gained enough Continental victories, the British would make peace with him. Even the reflection that a Britain which would not make peace in June, 1940, was scarcely likely to make it in June, 1941, did not seem to weigh with him. Nor did it seem to occur to him that the Russians would never precipitate a war from which they had nothing to gain. If they wanted to attack Hitler, they had just passed up a magnificent opportunity during his Balkan campaign.

The Russians then stood on the northeastern slopes of the Carpathians, and had they poured thirty or forty divisions across the passes down into the Hungarian plain, no power on earth could have saved the German armies in Rumania, Bulgaria, and Greece. Whatever happened later on, the Russians would have begun with a tremendous victory and the destruction of a good part of Germany's best troops. If the Russians had been offensively minded, they would certainly have seized upon this matchless opportunity, but Hitler continued to be obsessed with fear of a Russian attack. I think this fear was genuine, although his public announcement of it was certainly bolstered up with an unusual number of lies.

As for military considerations, Hitler does not appear to have reasoned that the one way to get the Russian soldier to fight hardest was to invade the soil of Russia. In so doing, he was absolutely certain of uniting the entire Russian nation against him in a struggle to the bitter end. By far the best opportunity open to Hitler at the close of his Balkan campaign was to go ahead and attack Turkey. Had this been done, Syria, Iraq, and Iran would have fallen into his lap like ripe apples, and if the Russians had interfered, he would have been in a position to attack them from two directions at once.

But once more—and we may thank our stars for it—Hitler underestimated his enemy. He smashed head-on across the Russian frontier in a widespread series of operations which he fondly believed would destroy the power of the Red Army in a few weeks. So great a hold did this wishful thinking take upon him that to this day the German official accounts of the campaign continue to insist upon describing "the great battle of encirclement and annihilation at Bialystok" in which two whole Russian armies are said to have been trapped and ground to pieces. Actually no such thing ever took place; it is a myth with very little if any relation to the facts.

HITLER'S invasion of Russia could have been justified only by immediate and total success. For him, the sands of time were running out. He had known that there was a time limit. He knew when he attacked Russia that the United States was actively rearming Britain and might become a belligerent herself. He knew that his carefully hoarded reserves and the loot of conquest were being used up and could not be replaced while the British sea blockade continued. In the end, he knew that he might succumb unless he could break the steel grip of that blockade.

Therefore, when he invaded Russia, he must have believed that there lay before him a quick and easy conquest and a subsequent complete submission of the country to German exploitation; so that his attack on Russia ranks not so much as a great strategic error—the missing of an opportunity, as in the Battle of Britain, or the choice of the wrong alternative, as in his invasion of the Balkans—but rather as a gross miscalculation of the military power of his enemy. In this respect it is probably worthy to rank with the miscalculation of the Japanese General Staff in their attack upon China in 1937.

We may well ask how such a miscalculation was possible. By ordinary military reckoning there was nothing to be said for a German invasion of Russia on June 22, 1941. I have tried to work out an estimate of the situation along conventional military lines, and the answer is very definitely No. It is simply impossible to suppose that the German staff was deceived as to the fighting qualities of the Red Army or as to its numbers, equipment, or leadership. It follows, therefore, that there must have been an unknown factor in the calculations which led Hitler to decide to invade Russia. We may assume that upon purely military grounds he was advised against it. Upon what unknown factor did he pin his faith? Some have conjectured that he counted on the activities of a tremendous fifth column in Russia, and that this failed him either because the Russians put the fifth column out of business, or because he was deliberately double-crossed by persons in Russia who took his gold as the Greeks took Italian gold and remained faithful to their salt.

A more romantic explanation is that Hitler had been led to believe that the British would join him in an attack on Russia. This story runs that Rudolf Hess was sent to England to propose to Churchill that Britain should make common cause with Germany "in order to end the menace of Communism." The story goes on that Hess delivered his message to Churchill, that Churchill pretended to agree and gave Hess facilities for advising Hitler to this effect—and that Churchill then sent Moscow warning of what was coming. It is, of course, impossible to vouch for the truth of this story, but if true it would certainly supply the missing factor in the German calculation.

THE FIFTH BLUNDER—MOSCOW

By the middle of November, 1941, it was perfectly plain that the Germans had shot their bolt for that year and were not going to be able to take Moscow or to destroy any large portion of the Russian Army yet remaining in the field. Almost all observers of military affairs in other countries supposed that the Germans would dig in and prepare for a long winter defensive. If they had done so, they could plausibly have pointed to their great advances and claimed that they had waged a successful campaign. They could have devoted their energies to getting forward winter supplies for their troops and to the improvement of their defensive zones.

Instead of doing so, they renewed their assaults on Moscow under almost hopeless conditions. They suffered many thousands of needless casualties and the loss of enormous amounts of equipment. Worse than this, the morale of the German Army, the confidence of the German people in their army and its leadership, and the prestige of Germany in other parts of the world all suffered terrific blows. There seems no doubt whatever that this senseless operation was undertaken at the direct order of Hitler himself and over the furious protests of Field Marshal Fedor von Bock, the officer in charge of carrying it out.

An ingenious explanation of this piece of murderous stupidity is that Hitler wanted to get the Japanese into the war and did not believe they would come in unless he kept on battering at the gates of Moscow. In support of this theory is put forward the fact that the attacks on Moscow ceased on December 8, the day after Pearl Harbor. But it is obvious that the Japanese had been planning their attack on Great Britain and the United States long before it actually took place. The military party in Japan was under extreme pressure—it had the choice of plunging Japan into war or finding itself replaced by men of more moderate tendencies. There is indeed nothing whatever to show that Japan acted on German advice or for any other reason than Japanese interests as the Japanese leaders at the moment saw those interests. To which may be added that these leaders were shrewd military men, perfectly well able to assess at its true worth the desperate German assault on Moscow.

There seems no question that all these German lives were thrown away and all these ill effects suffered because Hitler could not bear to admit that he had been thwarted. On October 2 he issued a grandiloquent statement that Russian armed power was beaten to earth, never to rise again. He could not admit that he had been wrong, and so he sent thousands of young Germans to their death in a fight that was lost before it was begun. This was not his greatest blunder, but it may have been the one that will be remembered longest in Germany.

These are some of Hitler's blunders which we can see now, even though we may not yet be able to weigh them fully and accurately. There can be little doubt that when the war is over others will be disclosed. But at any rate we can realize now that we are fighting no superman, no infallible genius, but a megalomaniac whose lust for power and whose frantic belief in his star far exceed his abilities as a strategist or a statesman.

THE END

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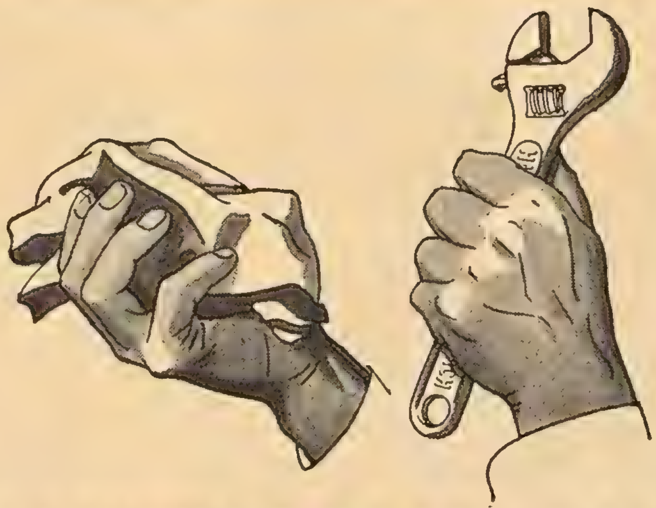

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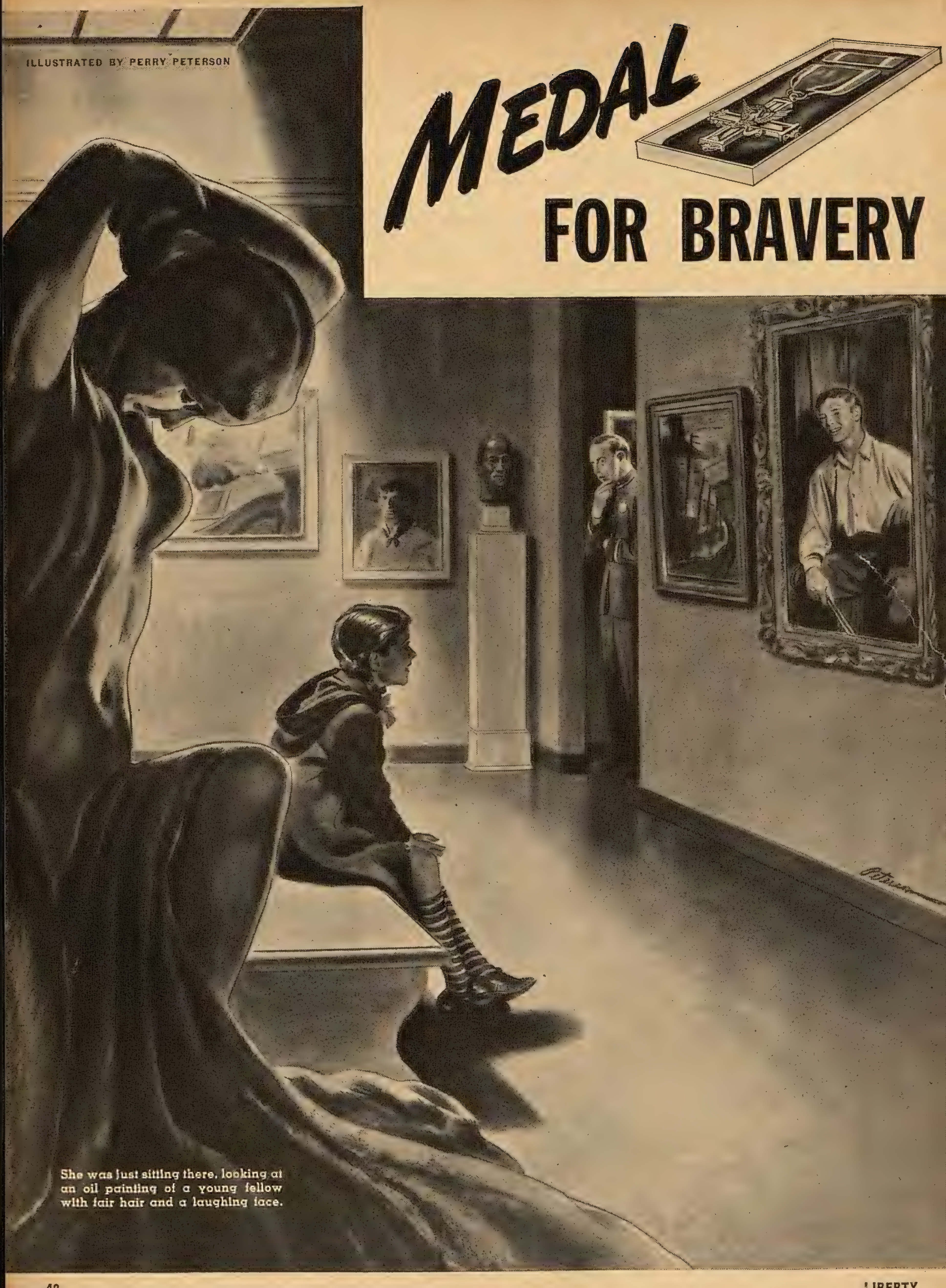

She was just sitting there, looking at an oil painting of a young fellow with fair hair and a laughing face.

A tender tale of a little girl's love for a laughing man, and a loss that proved a gain

BY MABEL BROWN FARWELL

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

SHE was a funny little girl. Joe stood at the top of the marble stairs and watched as she climbed toward him. The same navy blue coat, white eagle on the sleeve, red-lined hood hanging down the back, square-toed brown shoes and knee socks, yellow hair parted in the middle and drawn back into two braids with ribbon bows at the ends, a round face, and her eyes cast down as she climbed.

"Third Saturday that she's come," he said to himself—and remembered the first day, two weeks before, when he'd been standing down by the entrance at the turnstile, and she'd started to make her way through, when Murdoch, the guard there, noticed the brown paper bundle she was carrying.

"Check parcels here," he'd said. "No bundles or bags allowed in the museum."

She had stood there a moment undecided, and then relinquished the package. Joe had watched as Murdoch slipped a check tag around the neck of the bag. He had seen the finely sharpened tip of a pencil protruding and the rest of the bag flat as if it held paper or a book perhaps.

He still had a few minutes before he had to go upstairs to the second floor on duty, so he'd hung around to see what she had come for—all alone and quiet and not more than ten years old or so. She had walked through the turnstile, and then just stood as if she didn't know where to go next.

Dumb is what Murdoch was. All he ever considered were rules. He never thought about people—just so many to let through the turnstile and order around. But Joe could see the kid was worried. He thought of asking her what she'd come to see; but before he could get to her, Murdoch spoke to him.

"Ten o'clock, Joe," he'd said. "Time for you to get going."

SO he'd got going as he saw the kid start off down the corridor, and he'd forgotten all about her until he came back from lunch and found her on his floor. She was standing in front of the Gilbert Stuart portrait of George Washington. She looked at it carefully, and then he saw her shut her eyes and stand still before it. She certainly was a queer kid, he thought. It was nice out and that's where she ought to be—playing marbles or roller-skating maybe. He wondered what kind of mother she had. The careless kind, probably, who didn't know where the kid was. But then he saw the neatness of her, the cleanness, and he wasn't so sure.

Watching her kind of took his mind off young Joe. In just a few weeks he'd be gone, and the house was going to be empty without him. The army was taking young Joe out of the college career his mother and father had worked to give him, and he was going just because he had to. All his life Nettie had taught young Joe the value of peace and the tragedy of war, and now she had to eat her words and let young Joe go. It was a mixed-up world, and Joe blamed himself somehow because the confusion had entered their home and was stirring up their lives and separating Nettie and him because they could never agree over young Joe's lack of enthusiasm. But he'd forgotten young Joe. He'd made up his mind to that and he'd watched the kid.

THAT first Saturday he'd followed her, not closely so she'd noticed, but he sort of kept her in sight. She had gone into the room where the pen-and-inks were first. She looked at each one, some more than others. Then she'd gone into the room of the old masters. There was rich mellow color for you—gusty fellows and willowy ladies, red velvet and ripples of lace. But the kid had given them no time at all. She was in and out of there before you could say "scat." And then some one had asked Joe directions, and he had walked away over to another wing with two old dames, and when he came back he saw the kid sitting on a bench in the middle of the room filled with moderns. She was just sitting there looking at an oil painting of a young fellow with fair hair and a laughing face. He had a sports shirt on, open at the throat, and a riding crop in one lean hand. But the kid looked different now. Her eyes were wrinkled up at the corners as if she were laughing inside herself.

It was a picture Joe had never noticed before, part of a loan exhibition they'd brought in last week. But he wasn't so much interested in the picture as he was in the kid. She sat, swinging her legs back and forth, smiling to herself and almost talking to the picture. Then Joe knew she ought not to be out roller-skating. He knew she was right where she was happiest—and that was funny when you thought of the young kid and this old pile of stones, musty in places, just full of pictures people had painted, and marble and wood. No sunshine anywhere but in that kid's face.

That had been the first Saturday, and he might have forgotten all about her if she hadn't turned up last week and gone through all the same motions again. She'd stayed maybe not more than half an hour, but she wasn't happy like the first time, and her unhappiness matched Joe's, because that morning young Joe had heard from the army. He was to report at camp in ten days, and Joe could only guess at how Nettie was going to worry about him. That night he had told her about the little girl. It kept them from arguing, guessing all kinds of things about the kid, knowing all the time that they'd probably never have the answer. But it helped. It took the edge off the tenseness there was between them.

And here she was again. He turned slowly and watched her. But this morning she didn't close her eyes before the Gilbert Stuart portrait. She looked unblinkingly into the mild eyes of George Washington and her lips moved as if she were giving him a message.

"It's some kind of a game she's playing," Joe said to himself. But he could see it was important to her.

He watched as she walked along the hall and went into the room where her picture of the young man was. He wished he could be friends with her, somehow. So he followed her and stood in the doorway, trying to think of something he could say that wouldn't startle her. He eased himself into the room, walking along as if he were studying the pictures. He got to her young man, and stepped back as if he wanted to get a better view of it. When he was beside the bench where the kid sat, he looked down at her. Hunched over she was, the toes of her brown shoes just touching the floor.

Suddenly he heard himself speaking. "Friend of yours?" he asked, nodding toward the picture. It wasn't at all what he had intended to say.

THE little girl looked up at him and smiled without saying a word.

"Do you know him?" Joe tried once more.

He was rewarded by a serious look from two brown eyes and a statement: "It's Gay."

Joe took a look at the picture. "Yes," he said as if he were giving it consideration, "it is gay."

The kid was suddenly sitting straight and looking up into Joe's face. "Do you know him?"

"Who?"

"Gay."

He didn't want to disappoint her, now that they were started. "I wonder." He wrinkled up his eyes as if he were trying to recall.

The little girl waited.

"No, I guess I don't," Joe confessed at last; "but he's a fine-looking boy."

Then Joe had a feeling that she was studying him. He met her gaze unflinchingly because he wanted her to know that no matter what was on her mind, he'd like to help if he could.

"Do you know much about the war?" she asked him quietly.

"Well, now. . . ." It was such a large question.

Then he saw that she was digging into her pocket for something. When she'd found it, she held it up for Joe to see.

It was a cross with an eagle spread across the center, and it hung from a wide blue ribbon edged with red and white. Joe had never seen anything like it before.

"It was sent to me," the kid said; "but Rusty won't let me write and tell

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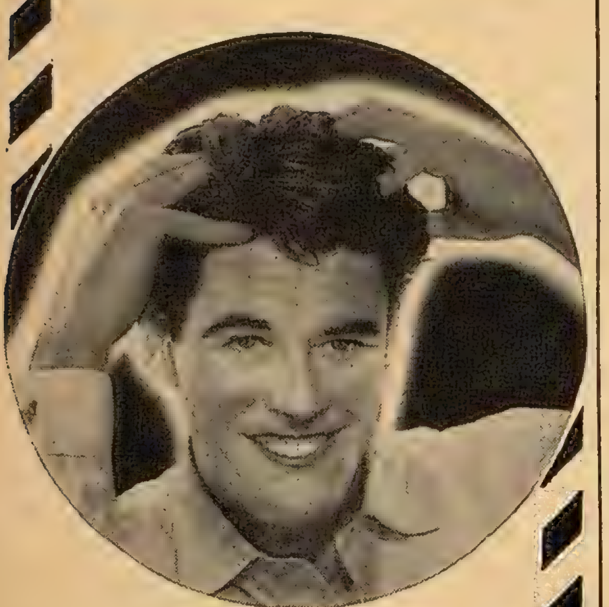

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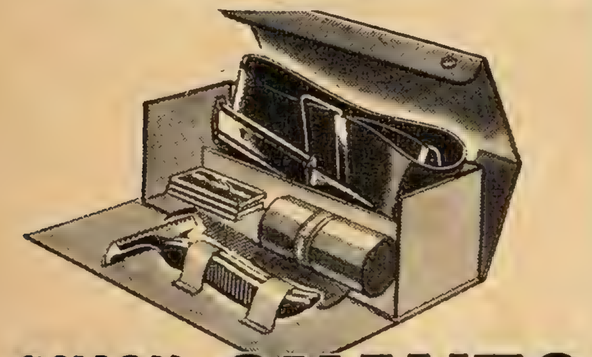

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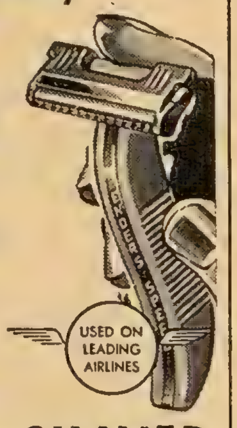

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him I got it. She said that would be dangerous for Gay. Gay said always to thank people when they give you things, and he'll think I've forgotten."

"Where is he?" Joe asked. "Do you want to tell me?"

"Rusty and I left him in Manila. That's where we lived."

"Well," Joe said, thinking of what had happened in Manila, "you trust this Rusty, don't you?"

The little girl nodded, keeping her eyes on Joe's face.

"Well, then I wouldn't write."

She sighed and uncovered a pad of paper that had been hidden by her coat. "I tried to make a picture of him for Rusty," she explained, "but it isn't very good." She showed it to Joe, and he saw that she had tried to copy the portrait. Then he knew he had been right about what she had carried in her paper bag that first day.

"I think that's first-rate." And it was, for a kid, he thought.

"We miss him. He doesn't write to us any more."

"Of course," Joe said. "But you wait." He reached down awkwardly and patted her shoulder. Then he had to turn away quickly because of the strange tightness he felt where the blue uniform buttoned across his chest.

He saw her when she left. He was standing in the corridor thinking about her, as a matter of fact, when she went past. He sort of expected she'd say something to him, but she walked right by and down the stairs.

He went back into the room where the picture was. He got up close to it and saw the sprawling signature—R. L. Yates—down in a corner. It was a fine boy the kid missed—just the way he and Nettie were going to miss young Joe after Monday when he left. He looked at some of the other pictures, seeing them for the first time, and suddenly realized that they all had that same sprawling name on them. All kinds of people—young women and old men and children—but all with that name.

He turned around, thinking to tell the kid, and then remembered that she had gone. But when he looked at the bench he saw something bright lying near where she had sat. He went closer, but before he reached out for it he knew what it was—the cross with the eagle over the center.

IMMEDIATELY he knew how worried she would be. Without waiting, he took it downstairs to Murdoch.

"What you got there?" Murdoch asked, seeing the cross lying in Joe's outstretched hand.

"The little girl in the blue coat with the red hood. It's hers. She left it, but she'll be coming back for it."

"Give it here." Murdoch dropped it casually in a box on the desk.

"Be careful of it, and remember she's little. About ten, yellow hair in braids hanging down her back."

"Yes, yes," Murdoch said impatiently.

Joe went back to his floor, but several times through the rest of the day he was down at Murdoch's desk inquiring about the medal. Always he had the same answer. The cross lay in the box with an old mitten and the rest of the unclaimed articles. At five o'clock, after he had changed from his blue uniform with the brass buttons into his own dark serge, he spoke to Murdoch about the medal again.

"All night," he said, "the kid will worry. If I knew how to find her, I'd take it along with me now."

"Against the rules," Murdoch said. "It's locked in the safe."

"Don't be such a crumb, Murdoch. You've known me fifteen years or so, and I guess if I decide to take that medal along with me, no one will think I'm stealing it."

"You'd have to see the boss."

There was something challenging in Murdoch's tone, as if seeing the boss were too bold a thing for a mouse of a man like Joe Rybers to attempt. It nettled Joe's pride, and before he realized what he was saying he had accepted the challenge: "I'll see the boss!"

HE turned on his heel and walked rapidly to Mr. Evans' door at the end of the corridor. After he had knocked and opened it, he found Mr. Evans with his coat and hat on, about to depart.

He was a young man, smart and businesslike, Joe knew. He looked into the keen blue eyes under the Homburg hat, and realized that he'd have to be businesslike too.

"I've come for a medal," he said. "It's locked in your safe. It belongs to a little girl who lost it on my floor and I turned it in. I'm Joe Rybers, sir."

"And what will you do with it?" Mr. Evans seemed to catch on at once.

"I don't know yet, sir." Joe realized suddenly how hopeless it was, when he didn't even know the kid's name. "But she'll be worried. It's a soldier's medal. It belongs to a boy whose picture is on my floor."

"What's that?"

"Yes, sir; one of that loan exhibition."

"A Yates?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well." Mr. Evans was smiling. "There's your clue." He had turned to his desk and was thumbing through a directory. "It's a good thing it wasn't a Sargent or a Renoir, because your man is living. Here it is—he's in Chestnut Hill. Do you want to go to that much trouble?"

"Yes, sir; but I don't understand—"

"Ring up Yates and ask him who his model was. If he seems a little difficult, tell him you're from the museum."

"Yes, sir." He still didn't understand how that would help, but he saw Mr. Evans opening the safe and removing the medal, and that was all that was important to him at that moment. He took it and put it carefully away in his wallet.

"Good luck," Mr. Evans said, and Joe knew that the interview was over. There were more questions he wanted to ask, but the boss was in a hurry, apparently. It was after closing time.

"Thank you, sir," Joe said as he left.

He entered the first drugstore he came to, and went to the telephone booth. He found the number in the directory and dialed it. “I'd like to speak to Mr. Yates,” he told the man who answered.

“Who is calling?”

“Joe Rybers from the museum.”

“Perhaps I could take the message. Mr. Yates is resting before dinner and I don't like to disturb him.”

“It's about one of his pictures in the museum. We'd like to know who his model was. A young boy, light hair, with a riding stick in his hand.”

“I'll give him the message, and if you could call later, about eight, I'll have the information for you.”

“Well—” More than two hours lost that way, but he sounded like an important stuffed shirt. “All right.”

He hated to go on the subway and home with the medal in his wallet still, but he thought maybe Nettie or even young Joe would think of something.

He saw young Joe first. He was reading a magazine in the living room. Joe stood in the doorway and looked at him before he spoke. Six feet of strong healthy manhood, his mother's brown hair, a strand of it slipping down over his forehead the way it always did when he was absorbed in anything. The radio was going, too—the surest sign that the boy was about. Joe stood there and realized deeply for a moment how they were going to miss him.

“WHERE'S your mother?” he asked. His son raised his eyes. “Hi, dad,” he said. “In the kitchen, I guess.”

Joe felt in his breast pocket for the medal where it made a lump in his wallet. Suddenly it seemed very precious to him, and he experienced a thrill of excitement at having it and being able to show it to young Joe. Visible evidence of heroism, something he might have read about in the paper, something young Joe might have read about, too. And he held the reward in his hand. He looked down at it and tried vainly to check resentment rising in him because he was too old to fight for his country too.

“Jeepers!” Young Joe was standing beside him, his magazine forgotten. “Where'd you get it?”

“It's the little girl's—the one I told you about.”

The boy took it in his hand. “Do you know what it is, dad? It's the Distinguished Service Cross, given for extraordinary heroism in military operations against an armed enemy.” Young Joe said it as though it were something he had memorized by heart.

“How'd you know?” Joe asked in amazement.

“I don't know.” He shrugged his shoulders, and his father was surprised to see the eager, hungry look in the boy's eyes before he turned away.

He was watching his mother, who had just come into the room. She was short, usually jolly-looking and goodhearted, and it hurt Joe now to see the sadness the last months had put into the familiar roundness of her face.

Joe put his arm around her and

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leaned down for her kiss. But instead of a kiss he heard her whisper something close to his ear: "They're having a surprise party for Joe tonight." Then she pretended to fix his tie and spoke aloud: "Dinner's ready. You two boys go and wash up."

He followed her out to the kitchen. "Look, Nettie," he said. "The little girl was in again today, and left her medal, and I was planning to return it to her tonight."

"What medal? You can't do that."

"I've got to. I brought it home just so I could."

"Well, you do it right after we eat, then, because I want you here when Joe's friends come."

Joe knew he couldn't do that. Why, he couldn't even call Mr. Yates until eight, and that was only the first step. But he wouldn't tell Nettie now.

"WELL," Nettie said when they were seated around the table, "tell us now about the little girl."

Joe got out the medal again and passed it to her. "It belongs to a boy whose picture is on my floor. The kid showed it to me, and then she showed me the picture she'd made of him, and I guess she forgot to put it back in her pocket."

"It's a pretty thing," Nettie said.

"Mom!" There was anguish in young Joe's voice. "Don't call it pretty!"

His mother stopped her heaping of his plate with mashed potato and looked at him in amazement.

"Call it brave or gallant or beautiful—"

"Why, Joe!"

"Oh, never mind," the boy said, and dropped his eyes before her stare. Then he turned to his father. "I'll go with you when you return it. O. K.?"

Joe could feel the warning pressure of Nettie's foot against his under the table. "We'll see," he said. "I have to call a man first." But something about young Joe's outburst thrilled him. The boy wasn't nearly as unenthusiastic as he had thought.

Later he tried to help Nettie with the dishes, but she wouldn't hear of it. "You get that medal returned," she told him.

It was barely seven o'clock, too early to call Mr. Yates, and Joe didn't know how else to begin. Suddenly he thought of the little girl and how many hours of worry she'd had. He thought of her going to bed tonight without her medal unless he did something pretty quick. He'd have a try at the number again and see what the old stuffed shirt had found out.

He went into the hall and dialed the number. There was excitement in the stuffed shirt's voice this time. "Mr. Rybers? I gave Mr. Yates your message and he would like you to come out this evening—if you can?"

"Come out to his house?" Joe asked doubtfully, thinking how much time that would take.

"We could send the car in for you."

"Well, now!" Joe was a little overcome by such an offer. "I wouldn't want you to do that. If I could just know the boy's name—"

"I'll let Mr. Yates speak to you," the stuffed shirt said.

A gruff voice shouted into Joe's ear: "See here, why do you want to know?"

"It's a medal that was lost in the museum that belongs to that boy—"

"Who lost it?"

"A little girl," Joe said.

"A child? What was her name?"

"I don't know," Joe found himself shouting back. "I called you to find out her name, because I think the boy is her brother—"

"Nonsense! Where do you live?"

Joe gave him the street.

"I'll have the car in there immediately," the voice announced, and Joe heard the receiver at the other end bang, cutting the connection.

Joe looked up to find young Joe watching him. "Who was that?"

"Well," Joe said, "I've got to go to Chestnut Hill to see Mr. Yates, the artist. They're sending a car for me."

"Sending a car for you?" Nettie asked from the kitchen doorway. "Is it the little girl's car?"

"Search me," Joe said. "I don't know what I'm in for. If it wasn't for the kid, I'd dish the whole thing!"

"Why, dad!"

"That old Yates sounded madder than a hatter."

"I'll go with you," young Joe said.

"No you won't," Nettie told him. She turned so only Joe could see her wink. "Your father got himself into this and he can get himself out." With that she went back into the kitchen.

JOE got his hat, and sat by the window to wait. Young Joe went back to his magazine and the soft music of the radio filled the room.

A few minutes later Joe heard the boy get up, close the doors into the dining room and the hall and then come back across the room to him. "Look," he heard him asking, "let's see that again before you go, will you, dad?"

"Sure." Joe got out the medal and put it into his son's hands. "Maybe it was given for something you and I've read about."

"Yeah," young Joe said, holding it reverently.

"It belongs to a brave man."

Young Joe nodded his head. "I wish we could make mom understand," he said.

He had said it so quietly that it took Joe a minute to digest young Joe's words. Suddenly all the tenseness went out of him, as if he had been pulling for weeks against a great weight which had given at last. Young Joe wanted to go—he wanted to fight for his country. He knew he'd have to say something quick, or his pride in the boy would have him blubbering like a kid!

"Private Joe Rybers," he said, and managed to smile at young Joe. "Your mother will be all right—she'll understand." Then he found himself expressing a thought which he never knew until that moment he had words for. "A great thing like a son isn't given for just a few years. This business is a spot in time, Joe. Nothing could separate you from us."

"Thanks." Young Joe handed the cross back as the doorbell rang.

Somehow Joe must have gotten into the car, but he didn't remember any of the details, because his mind had been on young Joe. However, here he was in the rear seat of a limousine, separated by thick glass from the chauffeur who was driving him out of town. A great load had been lifted from his mind and he felt that nothing must keep him from finding the little girl now. He owed her a great deal.

They circled into a graveled drive and stopped before a white brick house that looked like a palace to Joe. The chauffeur hopped down just in time to prevent Joe from opening the door and letting himself out.

"Mr. Yates is waiting." Joe recognized the voice of the stuffed shirt in the voice of the man who was waiting on the steps for him.

He walked over thick rugs and suddenly came upon a tall thin old man who was scowling at him from beneath bushy white brows.

"Rybers?" he snorted. "Sit down."

"Yes, sir." Joe sat on the edge of the nearest chair.

"NOW, what is all this gibberish you told me over the phone about a child?"

"A little girl about ten years old. She came into the museum today. She's been coming for the last three Saturdays, and she's been sitting in front of this picture, and today I spoke to her and she showed me this medal, sir." Joe reached for his wallet and brought out the cross.

The old man took it, got out a spectacle case from his coat pocket, removed the spectacles, put them on his nose, and examined the medal. "How'd she get this?" he asked.

"It's his. Her brother's."

"Nothing of the kind!" the old man shouted. "He was the most hammer-headed, lantern-jawed, stubborn blockhead of a boy there was. He never had a sister."

"Then I don't know," Joe said hopelessly. "She put great stock in that medal. All I want is to get it back to her, sir."

"What in heaven's name made you think I'd be able to help you?"

"I didn't think of it myself, sir. Mr. Evans—"

"Well, I don't know where he is."

"No, sir. He's in Manila, or was when the little girl left him. That's what she said—a soldier."

"A marine!" Mr. Yates barked.

"If you'd just tell me his name, sir, I thought I might look the little girl up in the directory somehow and—"

Joe saw that Mr. Yates' eyes were watching some one behind him. He turned and saw that the stuffed shirt had pussyfooted into the room.

"Telephone call for Mr. Rybers, sir."

"For me?" Joe got up, unbelieving.

"Go ahead, go ahead!" Mr. Yates ordered. "I can wait."

WALK! with my corns?

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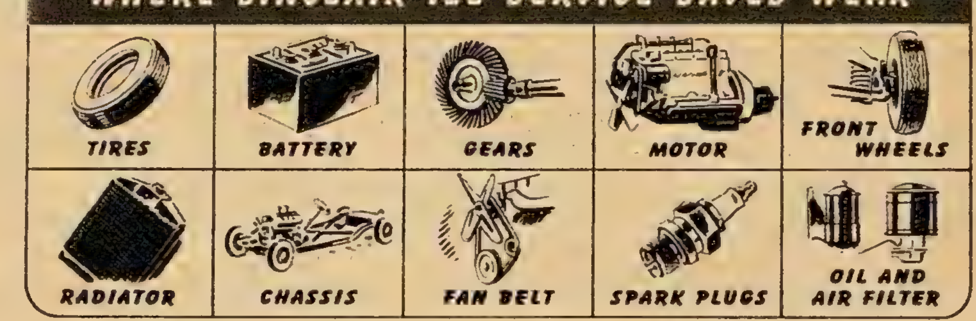


SAVE WEAR WITH

SINCLAIR

CARE FOR YOUR CAR—FOR YOUR COUNTRY

It was Nettie. "Joe," she said, "the little girl is here for her medal. You come home as quick as you can."

"Yes," he told her. "Yes, I will. You keep her right there."

He hung up and almost stepped on the stuffed shirt. "Give me my hat," Joe said. "The little girl is waiting for me."

"Just a minute." He hesitated. "I'll tell Mr. Yates you're leaving. You'll want the car to take you back."

Joe waited impatiently, chafing to be off. At last the stuffed shirt came back, Mr. Yates with him. "Hold on, hold on," Mr. Yates was snorting. "I'm coming with you."

"You don't need to," Joe said. "The little girl's there."

"I think I can ride to town in my own car if I say so," the old man shouted, shrugging into the coat his man was holding for him.

There was a great delay, to Joe's thinking, while they tucked a robe over the old man's knees and adjusted the arm rest to his satisfaction, but at last they were off.

"What did she call him?" Mr. Yates grumbled out when they had gone a mile or so.

"Gay."

"Folderol! His name is George. George Albert!"

As they drew up before Joe's plain gray house, he turned to the old man. "I'm much obliged to you," he said, "for bringing me back, sir."

"Get out. I'm coming with you."

Joe could see that young Joe's party was in full swing. "My boy's having a party," he said. "I was planning to slip in the back way."

"I don't care which way we go in." The old man left Joe and started up the walk that ran to the back door. Joe hurried to catch up to him.

Together they opened the door, and found people waiting for them. Nettie was sitting in a chair by the kitchen table with the kid on her lap, and across from her sat a beautiful girl with red hair.

"GOODNESS!" Nettie said. "Bringing company in the back way, Joe!"

"It's Mr. Yates," he told her, "the artist, Nettie."

But he wasn't interested in him any more. He was taking the cross from his wallet and holding it out to the little girl. "I'm sorry you lost it," he explained. "It's all right now, isn't it?"

But the kid wasn't looking at him. "Mr. *Yates?*"

The old man grunted.

"That's *my* name." She smiled. "Isn't that funny?"

"Not funny at all." The old man had come close and was scowling down at her. "Was that your father's picture you went to see?"

The kid nodded. "Gay's."

"I painted that picture when he was eighteen—before he turned so pigheaded. His name is George Albert Yates and he is my son." He pointed to the beautiful redhead. "Is that your mother?"

The little girl nodded again. "That's Rusty."

He turned and spoke to the girl. "Well, you had your way. You took my boy out of college and married him before he had any preparation—before he was half dry behind the ears. The only one he could get to employ him was Uncle Sam. You turned his head so that he wouldn't listen to his father. He talked to me about love. Bah! I let him have love—without a cent to sustain it—"

The redhead was standing now and looking at the old man. "It's too bad you've been bothered," she said in a proud way. "Manila's been a beautiful place to live, and when Sheila and I were ordered home, Gay and I promised each other that we would never communicate with you in any way."

"Characteristic of him," the old man bellowed. "Suppose he thought you both could be objects of charity!"

"Not at all. If it hadn't been for the medal you would never have heard of us. Sheila's been worried all day, and when at last I got her to tell me that she'd lost it, I called the emergency phone at the museum and got Mr. Evans. It was I who told her that the portrait was at the museum. I thought it would help her to make a picture of him for me. So don't blame Gay, and don't blame her. She didn't know she had a grandfather!"

"Who said anything about blaming any one?" Mr. Yates shouted. "You have to eat, don't you?"

"We eat, Mr. Yates," the little girl said.

"Don't call me Mr. Yates. I'm your grandfather."

"My grandfather. I'll have to think about it—I'll have to call you Mr. Yates for a while."

"Stubborn, just like your father," he said. "Let me see that picture you made of him."

The child dug into the pocket of the navy blue coat, brought out the picture, and handed it to the old man. Out came the spectacles, and the picture was studied with deliberation.

"Who taught you to draw like this?" he barked.

"Rusty. She teaches art."

"Art!" her grandfather scoffed.

Joe had listened to all of this with his eyes as well as his ears, and he couldn't understand how any one could ever have thought that nice girl was a gold digger. That was what the old man had implied, but he certainly should know better. The kid ought to be proof of that. Then Joe saw the grudging look of admiration Mr. Yates was trying to conceal from the redhead, and he realized that the gruff old man really wanted both his grandchild and his daughter-in-law, but it was certain that he didn't know how to go about it. In a way Joe felt responsible for getting them together, and he knew he should do what he could to finish it neatly.

"I think the picture is first-rate," he said. "But here, you're forgetting your medal."

"Thank you." The little girl took it and held it tightly in her hand.

The redhead came over to Joe. "Thank you, Mr. Rybers, for all the trouble you went to. We appreciate it. And now it's time I got Sheila home."

Nettie had her arms around the little girl. "Come and see me again," she said, "because I'm going to be lonesome, too."

"Come and see George Washington," Joe added. "He's always there."

"I will," the kid promised. "That's Gay's favorite picture."

"BRING your grandfather in to see George Washington, too," Joe suggested hopefully.

"I've seen it, Rybers," Mr. Yates said. "But if her mother and I are going to teach her anything about art, we'll have to come into the museum once in a while, and we'll look for you." He took Joe's hand and shook it so hard it seemed as if he were trying to remove it from its moorings.

"Yes, sir," Joe said.

"If you're going to teach me," the kid said, looking steadily up at her grandfather, "you'll have to speak nicely, because Rusty and I never shout at each other."

"You don't, eh?" Mr. Yates took the hand that clenched the medal and folded it inside his own. "I guess I'm not too old to try—"

"Here," Nettie told them. "You don't have to go out the back door!" But they were through it before she could stop them. Joe went out onto the sidewalk with Nettie, and watched as the three got into the big car.

"Poor child," Nettie said, "worrying about her father!"

"She has a grandfather now," Joe reminded her. "And somehow maybe we can give her back her father if we all do our part—whatever it is."

"Even young Joe, I suppose," Nettie said quietly.

Some one was speaking to them from the back door. "Ho," young Joe called. "Did the kid get her medal?"

"She did."

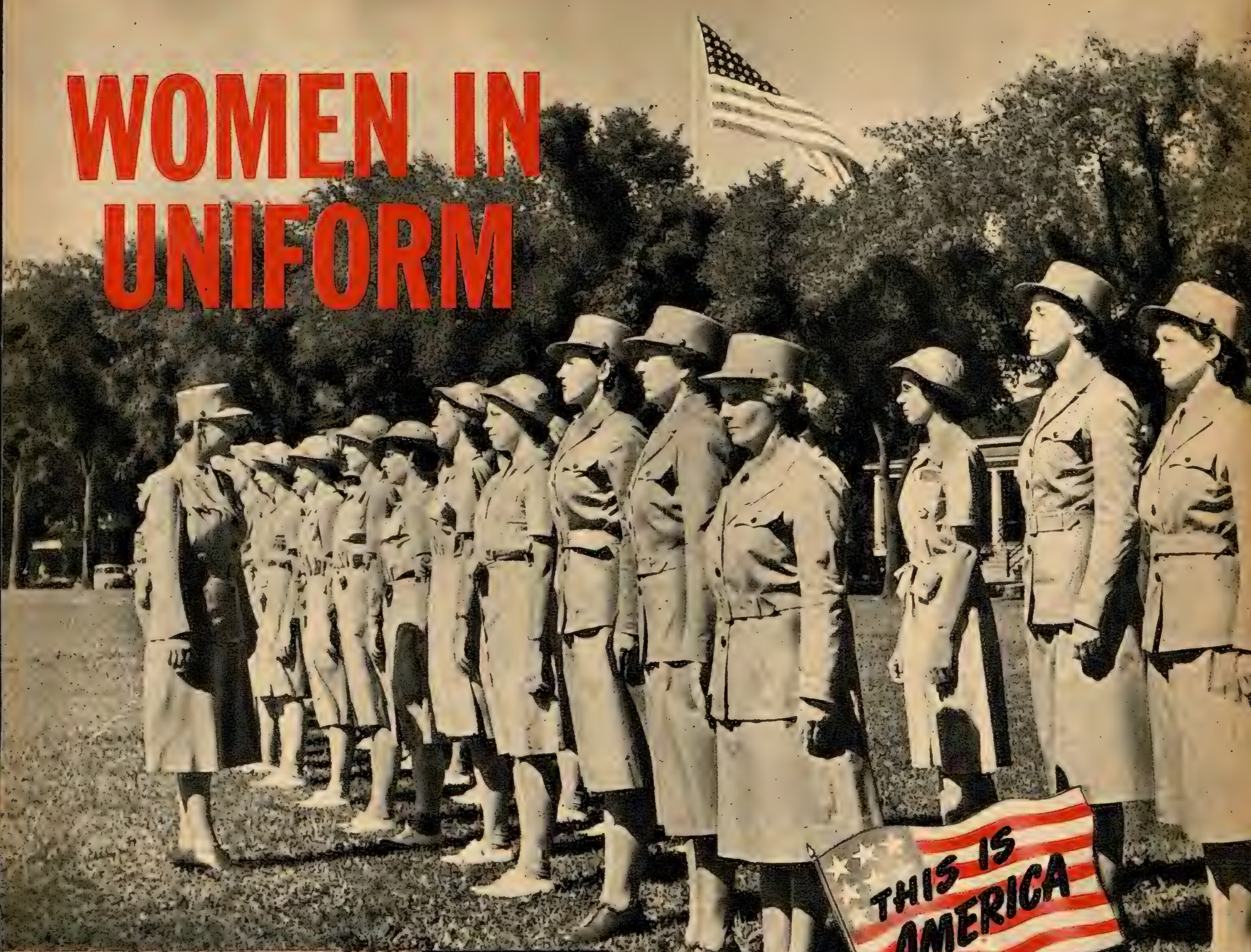
"What're you standing out there in the dark for? Isn't everything under control?"

"Go on back to your party," Nettie said. "Of course everything's under control."

THE END

BY KATY
WELL ... I LOOK AT IT TWO WAYS
OUT TO LUNCH

WOMEN IN UNIFORM



Des Moines Sunday Register
FIRST OF WAACS ARRIVING

On the last lap of the journey to Fort Des Moines, a Tennessee WAAC-to-be and one from Massachusetts get a newspaper preview of their arrival.

Candid camera shots from Fort Des Moines —where it's now ladies' day in the army

WHEN recruits in the new Women's Army Auxiliary Corps—commonly dubbed WAACS—reported for training at Fort Des Moines, Iowa, women for the first time in American history became members of Uncle Sam's Army. Some will become officers, some will remain privates, but all are there for one purpose—to help win the war by taking over army jobs which women can do, thus releasing men for combat duty.

They went through the army mill just as their brothers do, doffed their civilian clothes, and came out khaki-clad. Forty-seven items of clothing were given each WAAC member, ranging from girdles, pajamas (flannelette and cotton), anklets, stockings, slips, to two uniforms—fatigue and regular—and a brown-and-white seersucker playsuit to wear during exercises. In the picture above, in which Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby, WAAC Director, is reviewing a group of recruits on opening day, the women in the foreground are wearing the regular uniforms, and those in the background are in fatigue clothes.

Photographs from Graphic House.

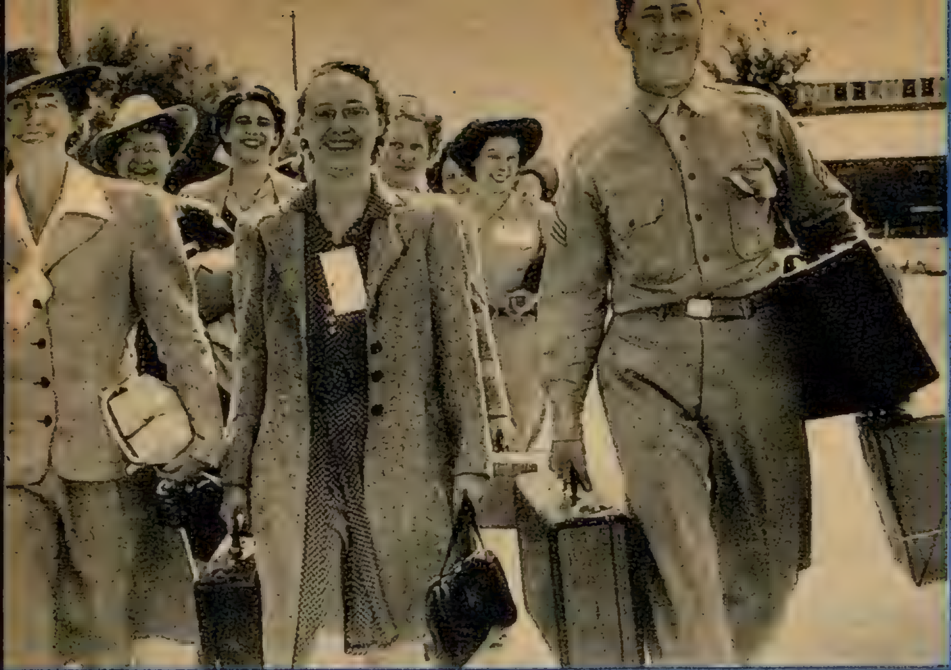
od-by and good luck from the navy to a WAAC. Lucky candidates
h friends or brothers stationed in Chicago were shown the town in
ig way during the stopover between trains, seen off when they left.

e members of the colored regiment eat one of their first meals in
mess. According to WAAC Director Oveta Culp Hobby, they will even-
lly be assigned to Negro regiments at Fort Huachuca in Arizona.

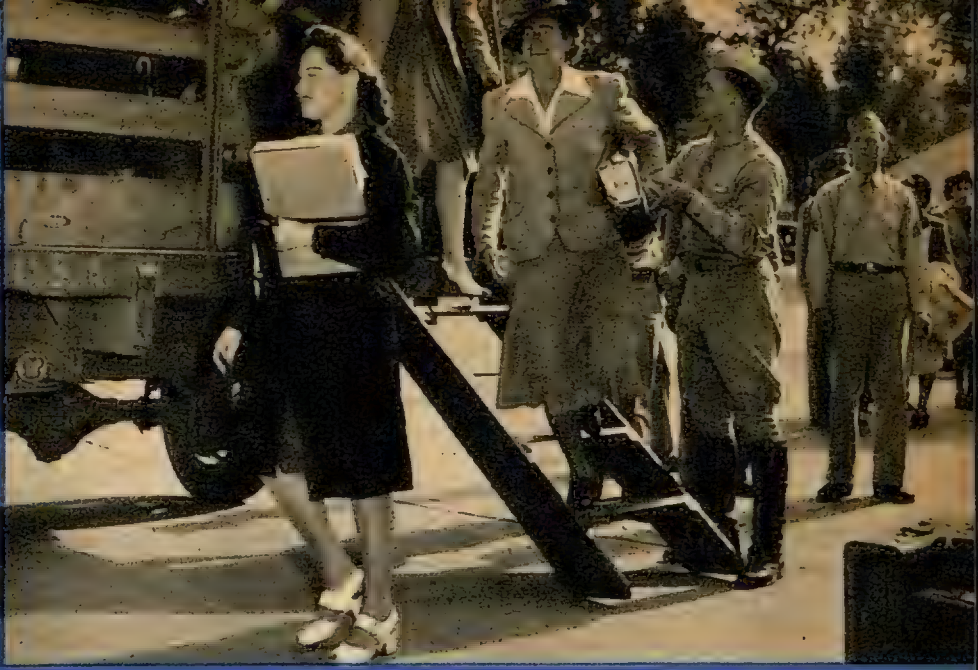
Sergeant "Mickey" Eggert, with two pals and a guitar, serenaded the candidates in their car with Deep in the Heart of Texas and other cowboy ballads. The sergeant is a Tucson, Arizona, boy—now at Fort Hayes, Ohio.

Inside the Receiving Center, Major William M. Harton, in charge of processing, chats with a newly arrived WAAC. Captain William C. Cord, a
the table, waits to interview her and see that her papers are in order.

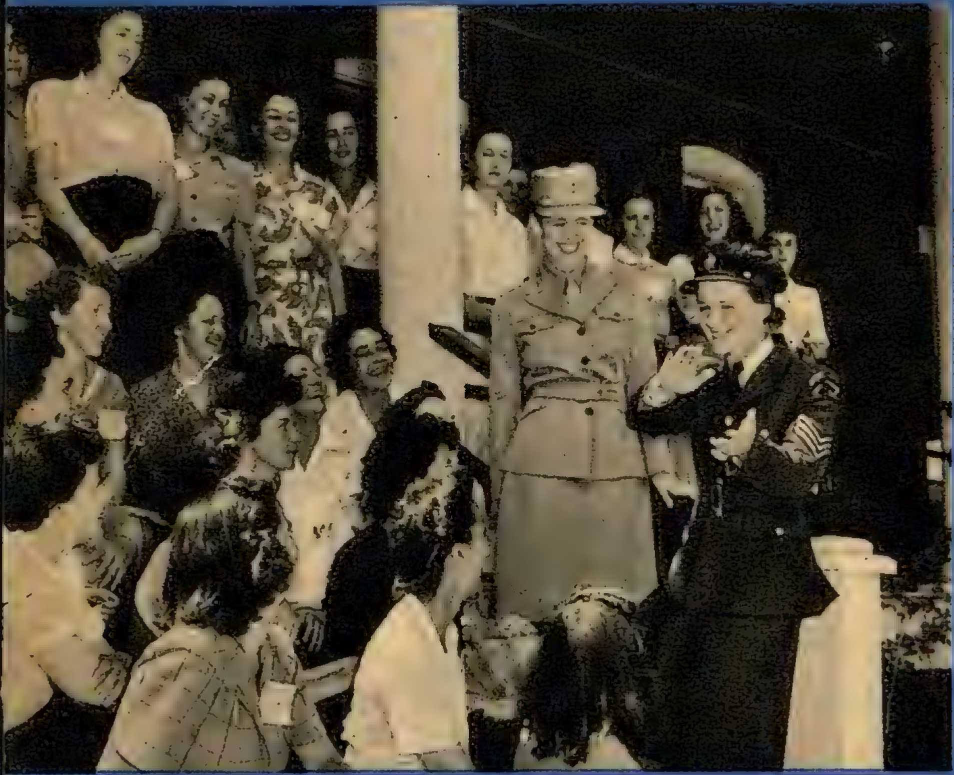
Colonel Thomas E. Harwood, post surgeon, gives a recruit her inoculation for paratyphoid. Later she'll have one for lockjaw and one fo
scarlet fever. For foreign service she gets a fourth—for yellow fever.



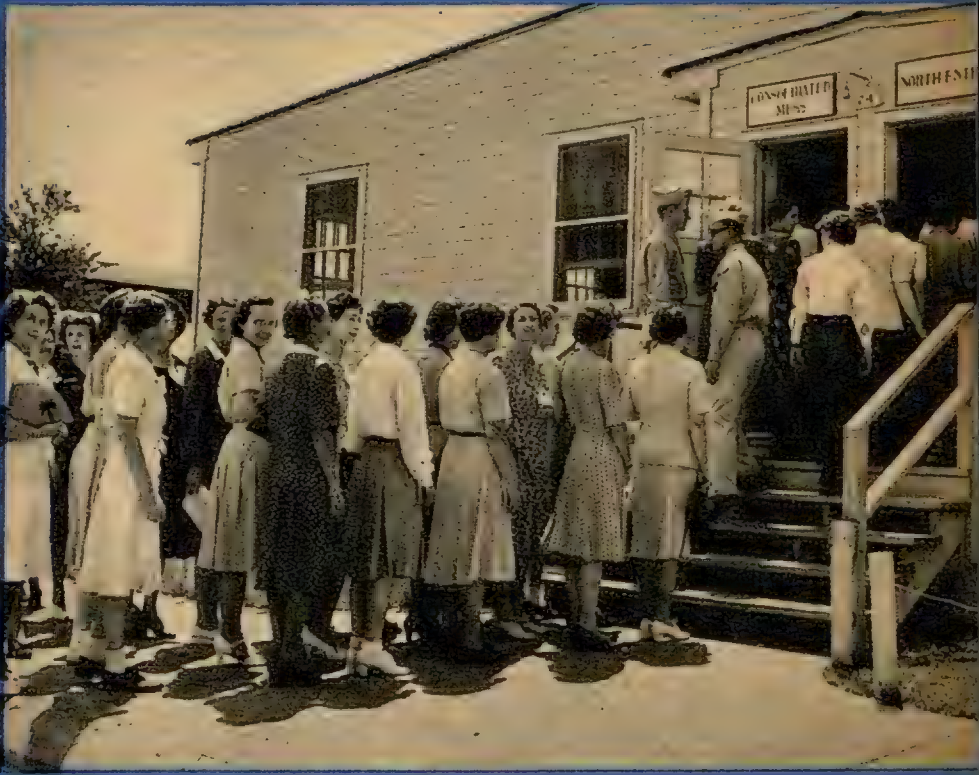
soon as they arrived, they were checked in at the Receiving Center,
ed with 3-by-5 cards. Now, escorted by a sergeant, they're on their
to the barracks which will be "home, sweet home" during their stay.



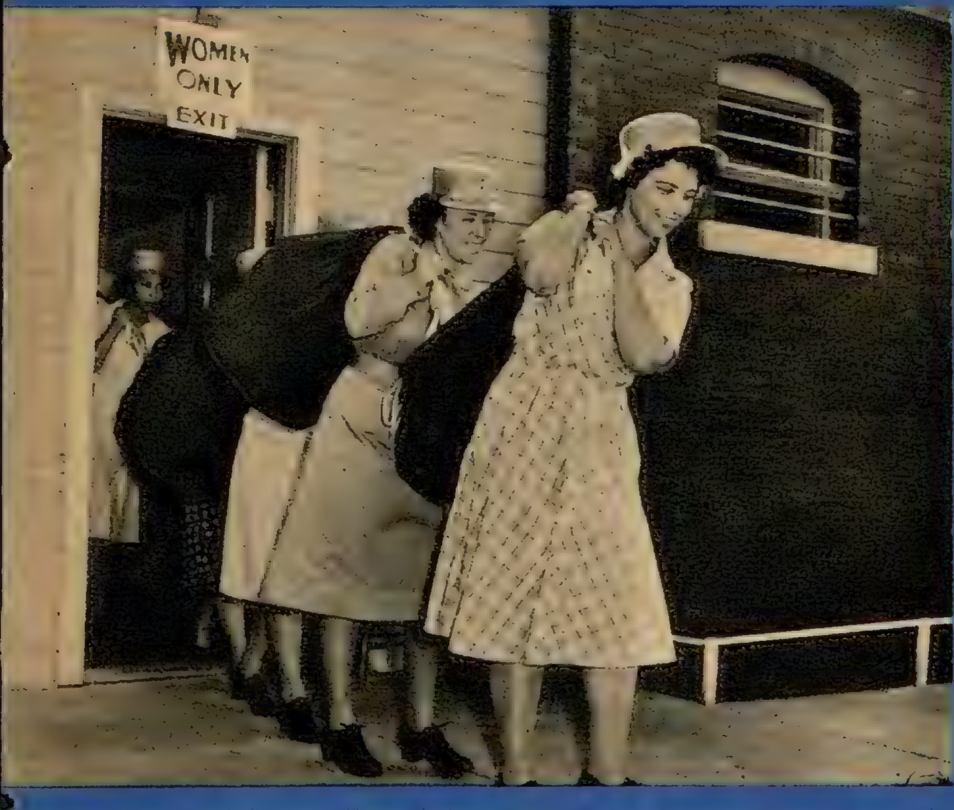
Undismayed at the sight of the first women to crash this man's army,
lieutenant gives the new recruits a helping hand as they alight from t
army truck that brought them and their luggage from the railroad statio



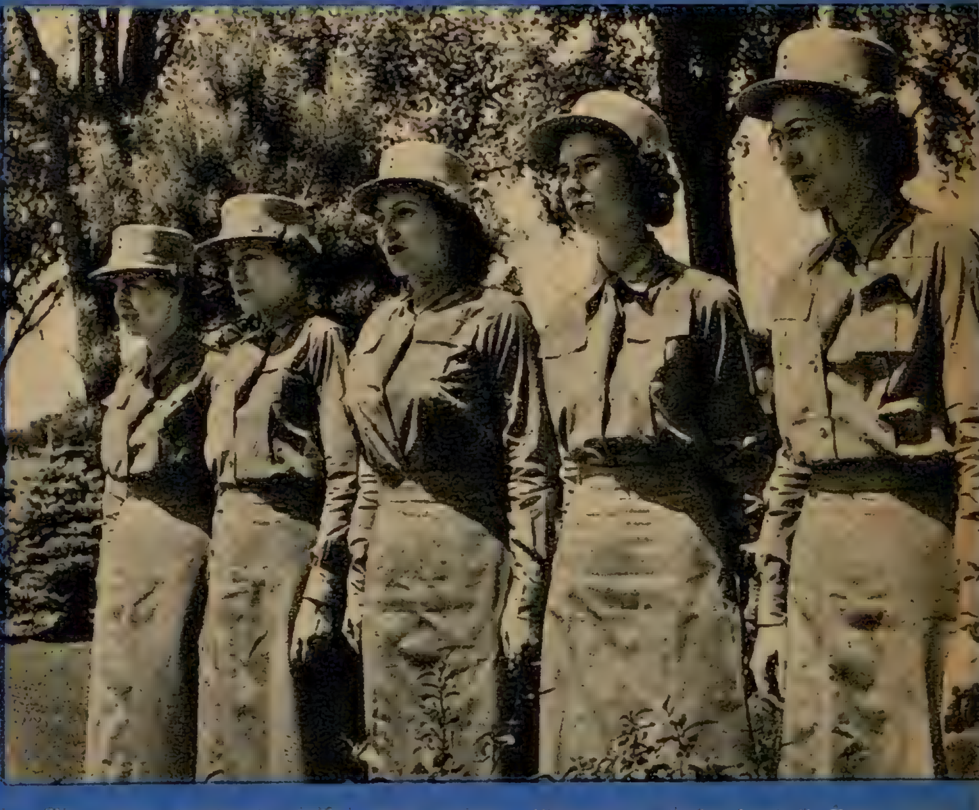
he blue uniform of the Royal Canadian Air Force Auxiliary, Ser-
nt Mary Long of Brooklyn, New York, who has transferred to our own
nen's Air Corps Auxiliary, describes the actions of British planes.



Time for lunch, and they line up outside the mess. The meals are c
cafeteria style. Lunch consisted of tomato essence, crackers, cold-cut san
wiches, combination salad, strawberry ice cream, and coffee or te



y emerge from the Supply Room where they've just received their out-
duffel bags slung professionally over shoulders. The second girl
already put on her uniform. All wear low-heeled general-issue shoes.



No more feminine frills, gay colors, "amusing little hats." From now
it's khaki from head to skirt hem—cap, shirt, jacket (omitted here b
cause of heat), gored skirt. Both cotton and rayon stockings are issue

ROOSEVELT AS I SEE HIM

Continued from Page 25

States came into the war, Roosevelt and other men (among them Rear Admiral Ralph Earle, head of the Ordnance Bureau) urged laying the barrier. Sims, influenced by British objections, thought the scheme impracticable. But Roosevelt and Earle persisted. They were encouraged when the Navy Department developed an electric-antennae mine. Indeed, for the production of this mine from an inventor's casual scheme, Roosevelt was largely responsible.

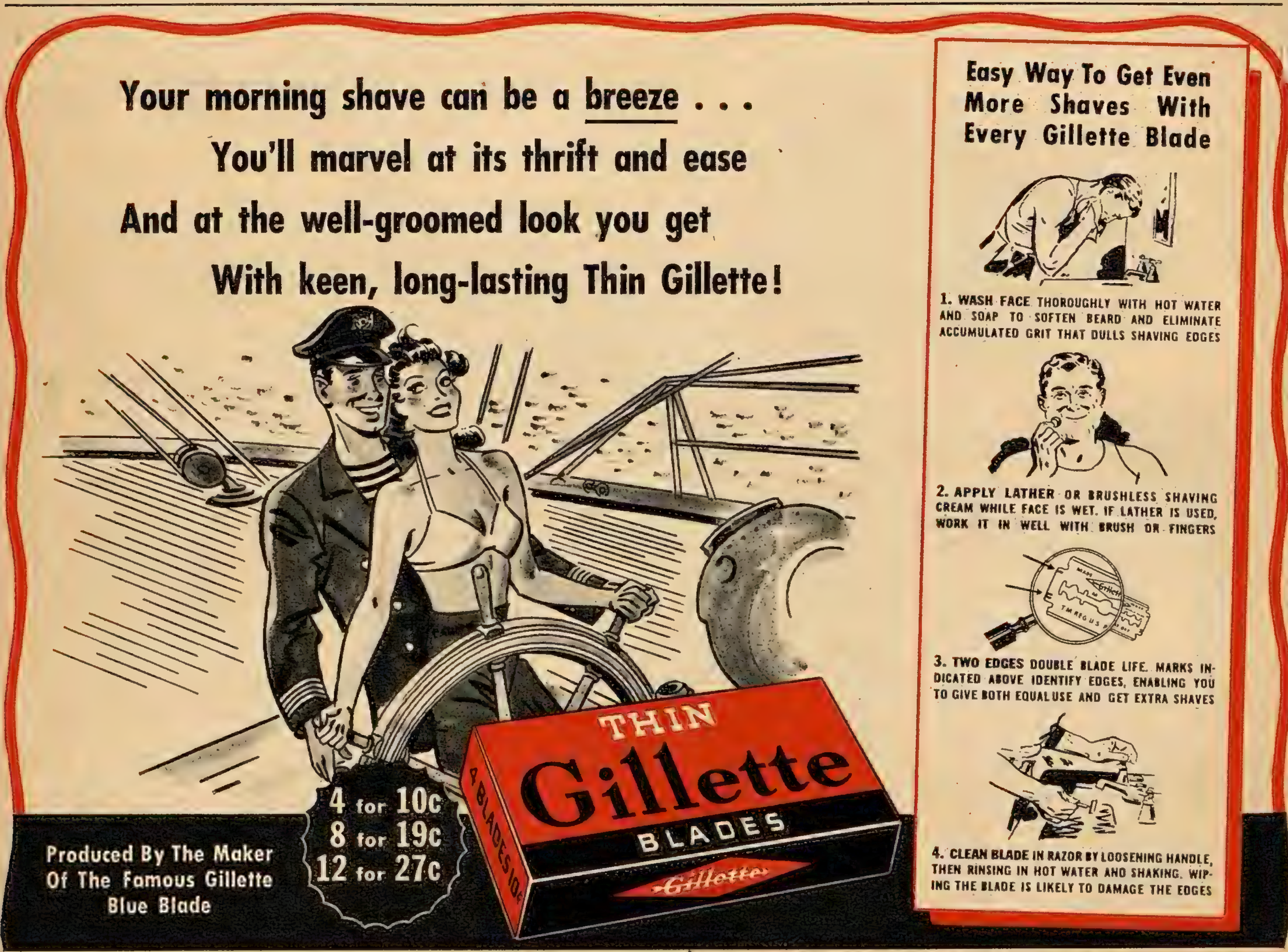
Into this tremendous undertaking Roosevelt and others put a colossal amount of driving endeavor. A hundred thousand mines, each with 300 pounds of high explosive, were manufactured. Twenty-four cargo steamers manned by the Naval Reserve were used to carry them to Scotland. Ten large vessels were used as mine layers. The work on the barrage began in June, 1918, and was completed at the end of October—just before the war ended. Roosevelt called it "the biggest job ever accomplished in ordnance work." In all, it probably accounted for eight submarines. Perhaps it did not pay. But then nobody could have foreseen the early termination of the war; and its moral effect on the German crews all through the summer of 1918 has to be considered.

Roosevelt was proud also of the laying of an oil-pipe line across Scotland, of the establishment of naval aviation stations all the way from the Scottish border clear round the English Channel, and of the work of the northern bomber group. He was pleased by the effectiveness of the convoy system which Sims—his choice—had so splendidly assisted Lloyd George in championing in the dark months of early 1917, when ship losses were appalling. When he went to Europe on an inspection tour in July, 1918, he could see the interaction of the mighty forces which Daniels, the admirals, and himself mobilized against the Germans. He could see the last shadows of the world's desperate peril disappearing as the Anglo-American navies closed the strangulating grip of their blockade.

THE close of the war ushered in the final phase of Roosevelt's long service with the navy. In a second trip abroad just after the armistice he did much to supervise the demobilization work of the navy. His sale to the French government of the before-mentioned radio station near Bordeaux was executed with a celerity which made naval officers gasp. Then he came home to make speeches for the League of Nations. With one postwar feat, the transatlantic flight of the Navy-Curtiss flying boats, he had something to do. He explained his connection in a speech in May, 1919, eulogizing the chief constructor of the navy, Rear Admiral David W. Taylor, who had originated the idea of flying boats of this size and character, primarily to meet the submarine menace, and had worked out the plans with the Curtiss men. Roosevelt, temporarily in charge of the Department because Daniels was in Europe, approved the project. In approximately a year from the commencement of the design the first boat was completed and flown. He was delighted that, designed largely from theoretical and model-experimental data, the boat "performed in every way so close to her designed characteristics as completely to justify the methods of the naval architects as here applied in the design of a flying machine." Then came the NC-3s and the NC-4s.

When the full history of the Navy Department in those grim war years can be written, we may be sure that the record of the much-attacked Secretary Daniels—still at eighty a fine fighter for every good cause—will shine out in brilliant fashion. He had his faults and limitations, but he was one of the great war administrators. We may be sure also that Roosevelt's record will constitute one of the highly creditable chapters of his career. He accomplished much; he learned much, and as Commander in Chief he is now applying with brilliant effectiveness the lessons of that earlier conflict. Some lessons which he mastered then, beyond doubt, are assisting him now.

Next week Mark Sullivan, political columnist, looks into Roosevelt's rise toward the White House by way of the Governor's Mansion in Albany.



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RIGHT now, in September, it seems rather silly to be talking about Christmas; but when you have a son stationed thousands of miles off somewhere and you know it takes mail so many weeks to reach him, perhaps it isn't silly. Will our boys overseas be permitted to receive Christmas boxes from home? If so, what size can they be; will the contents be restricted and inspected; when must they be mailed—and many other things a mother should know on this subject. Can you help, Sarge?
Mrs. C. H. O., St. Petersburg, Fla.

Can and will, mother. The War Department says, "Do your Christmas mailing early to soldiers overseas." Christmas packages (cards and letters too) should be mailed between October 1 and November 1, not later than the latter. Yes, you can send your son a box, but the War Department earnestly urges that gifts be kept to a minimum in size and weight. By postal regulations, no one package may weigh over eleven pounds or measure more than eighteen inches in length or forty-two inches in length and girth combined. One person may not mail more than one package per week. Contents should not include perishables, especially food which will spoil in transit. Consult your local P. O. for the proper method of packing overseas shipments and for unacceptable articles. Yes, packages will be censored. Be sure the address is complete and correct, and mark the box "Not to Be Opened Until Christmas." These instructions apply to all our armed forces.

* * *

I'd just like to know why it is the U. S. O. puts out free shows for the men in the States and not for the men out of the States. Before I was sent up here I could go to one of the U. S. O. Camp Shows every week, but there I could also go to town and have a good time on my own. Here I have only the PX or the camp movie, except for the rare treat of seeing some entertainer in person. Last night I saw Al Jolson, and he took my mind off my troubles and made me feel good for hours afterward. Why can't we get more of that sort of thing? Boy, how we'd appreciate it!
Pvt. J. H. W.,
214 Q. M. Co., A. P. O.

Believe me, the U. S. O. is doing everything it can, and is permitted to, for the men overseas, and would like to do a thousand times as much. But transportation of essential war material and military personnel gets the call over recreational supplies and entertainers, of course. Credit to Jolson and the other stars who have managed to get outside the country and do their bits. There'll be more of them in the future.

* * *

Reserve officers are being honorably discharged from their commissions for minor physical defects and ordered to register with their local draft boards. As the standards for selectees aren't as strict as those for reserve officers, these officers are liable to be drafted. Will they have to start at the bottom again and compete with younger men to regain their commissions? The Army is "hollering" for more officers and calling back retired officers, yet on the other hand rejecting younger officers who have spent much of their spare time in preparing for possible wartime duty.
Former Reserve Officer,
Augusta, Me.

I see your point, of course, but why should the Army overlook or condone physical defects in officers who may have to lead troops into combat? Physically unfit officers, reserve or regular, are being weeded out daily. Physical standards are prescribed by Army Regulations and medical examiners must abide by them. The larger and long-range viewpoint is hard to maintain when you are affected, but it's for the good of the service as a whole.

* * *

I'm about to enlist in the Navy and I'd like to get the right book to study before I go in. Can you suggest one?
J. G., Bluefield, W. Va.

I recommend The Blue Jacket's Manual, published by the U. S. Naval Institute, Annapolis, Maryland. It costs $1.25, and if your local book store doesn't stock it they can order it for you.

* * *

I call attention to the item of August 8 wherein it was suggested that members of the armed forces execute their holographic wills. Doubtless this suggestion was made with the writer's best intentions, but I know of at least fifteen states in the Union that do not recognize holographic wills, and a few which recognize them only for disposing of personal property.
Paul C. Meier, Chicago, Ill.

We appreciate the correction, Mr. Meier. Thanks also to Pfc. Jack E. Hawthorn of Birmingham, Alabama, who points out that the will suggested in FM 21-100 is not good in all states, since some require *three* witnesses. Seems to me the best thing, if possible, is to make a will under the guidance of an attorney in one's home town. Failing that, get the best legal advice available at your post.

* * *

Why doesn't the President of the United States, as commander in chief of the armed forces, wear a uniform?
Pvt. E. Q., Camp Davis, N. C.

The keynote of democracy is simplicity. Congress has never authorized a uniform for members of the executive branch of the government or for the diplomatic corps. I agree citizens' clothes well become the representatives of a free people. The President represents all citizens as well as being C. in C. of the armed forces.

* * *

You can hardly pick up a paper or magazine without seeing something about the Army's wonder car, the "jeep." All right; but tell me why the parts of the jeep made by Ford and the jeep made by Willys are *not* interchangeable. They're supposed to be made from the same blueprints. Isn't this a flaw in our war production?
HA1/c B. W., U. S. Navy.

That's news to me. If it's true, I'd like to know the answer, too.

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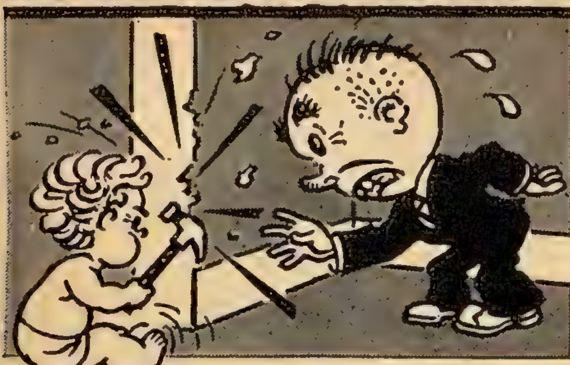

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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

VOX POP

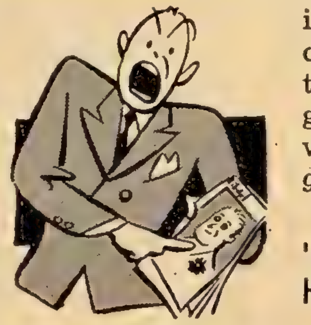
"Voice of the People"

GLAD YOU LIKED IT

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Your series of salutes to various states should win wide approval through the nation.

We certainly appreciate the page you gave to California in your issue of August 8. It was both attractive and interesting. It was assembled with fine discrimination. —*John Cuddy, Managing Director, Californians Inc.*

SABOTAGE IN THE ART ROOM



OAKLAND, CALIF.—Where do you get that stuff of having our Chief Executive wearing Germany's national flower in his buttonhole? Furthermore, this flower is also the symbol of bachelorhood, and I always thought F. D. R. was happily married. The picture appeared on Liberty's cover of August 22. The genus name of the flower is Centaurea, and it is also known as cornflower and bachelor's-button.—*Fred Hardy.*

FINE IDEA! LET'S DO IT

FLINT, MICH.—A Vox Pop letter in August 15 Liberty on blood banks drove home to me an idea which might be worth a lot.

Could we have posters in our hotel lobbies, all over the country, reminding us of the need of blood by our fighting men and directing us to the nearest blood-donor station? These posters could be titled Wondering What to Do? or Want to Help Your Country? and I know we'll find many willing donors.—*Otto A. Ambrose, Fisher Body Defense Worker.*

WE ONLY KNOW THE "PITCH-AND-PRAY" METHOD

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Why not run an article in your magazine by some expert giving the whys and wherefores of scientific horseshoe pitching?—*C. H. Ahern.*

WHERE?

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.—Let's all have dinner together some night.—*Lonesome Jack.*

MR. THILL STATES HIS CASE

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In an article entitled Even in Congress, by Walter Winchell (August 15 Liberty), reference is made to the fact that I inserted a sample of German war propaganda in the Congressional Record.

Of course I inserted this sample of Nazi propaganda, as well as other types of war propaganda, for the purpose of gaining support for my resolution introduced on March 1, 1940, providing for an investigating committee to unearth war propaganda activities in the United States and eliminate them from our country. In his article Mr. Winchell leaves the reader under the impression that I was in favor of such propaganda. Nothing could be further from the truth. I urged the investigation of this sort of propaganda and pleaded that it be done away with.—*Lewis D. Thill, Member of Congress, 5th District, Wisconsin.*

"MOM" WRITES ABOUT HER TABLECLOTH

LINCOLN, NEB.—I was much interested in the story of the Doolittles in July 25 Liberty.

I also have a tablecloth with signatures embroidered on it. It is not as big or as nice as Mrs. Doolittle's, but it is very valuable to me.

The names on my tablecloth are the signatures of a grand bunch of boys who attended the airplane mechanics' school where my husband is an instructor. When they graduated last November, they all signed their names on my tablecloth, and I embroidered them. The boys are now scattered all over the world.

With all due respect to Mrs. Doolittle, I wouldn't trade tablecloths with her.—*Mrs. Ben Elliott (better known as "Mom.")*

SARGE SAYS WE'RE RIGHT

UTICA, N. Y.—In August 15 Liberty Twenty Questions I notice a mistake.

Number 13 asks, "When a U. S. soldier speaks of the 'old man,' whom does he mean?" Your answer was, "His company commander." I always thought it was the colonel of a regiment. Ask Old Sarge; he'll tell you the right answer.—*Frank B. Harris.*

WHEW!

CHICAGO, ILL.—I would like to nominate Major Alexander P. de Seversky for the office of Most Illustrious Grand Chancellor of the Grand Imperial Council of the Independent Order of Wide-Eyed Boobs. —*James B. Cain.*

SO LONG—DON'T FORGET TO WRITE

WAUKESHA, WIS.—Here's where Liberty and I part company. Good-by.—*H. J. Oettinger.*

GOOD NEIGHBORS TO THE RESCUE

KINGSBURG, CALIF.—Bennie C. Hudson and Alta Gerard (August 22 Vox Pop) did not look closely enough at the Mexican naval man (page 54, July 18 Liberty). The "wicked butcher knife" is the back of a chair.—*Norman Nystrom.*

CARTHAGE, MO.—To Bennie Coates Hudson and Alta Gerard I say, "Take another look."

That big wicked butcher knife is nothing more than the back of a seat. If they will observe the picture more closely, they will also note that the fingers which Mr. Hudson says hold the knife are blurred as in motion, while the so-called knife is not.—*Thelma Hetrick.*

MILL VALLEY, CALIF.—It appears to be the back of a chair.—*Shirley Johnson.*

BRENTWOOD, PA.—See here, Vox Poppers. If you make such vicious people out of the Mexicans, perhaps our movie stars will be frightened away.—*L. Stefanowicz.*

COLUMBIA CITY, IND.—Please take a little more time and study the picture.—*F. H. Kneller.*

MASPETH, N. Y.—Some people can certainly use their imaginations to build mountains from anthills.—*Harry E. Vanderbilt.*

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Bennie Coates Hudson needs glasses and you fellows need a spanking.—*Marie Alice Nutbrown.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Why don't Hudson and Gerard join the F. B. I.?—*Angeline Ontiveros.*

Wow! Did those letters come in after we printed the Gerard-Hudson complaints! Let's settle it right now. That "knife" *is* the back of a seat, and, as far as we know, our Mexican friend is a happy little guy who wouldn't even cut a rug.

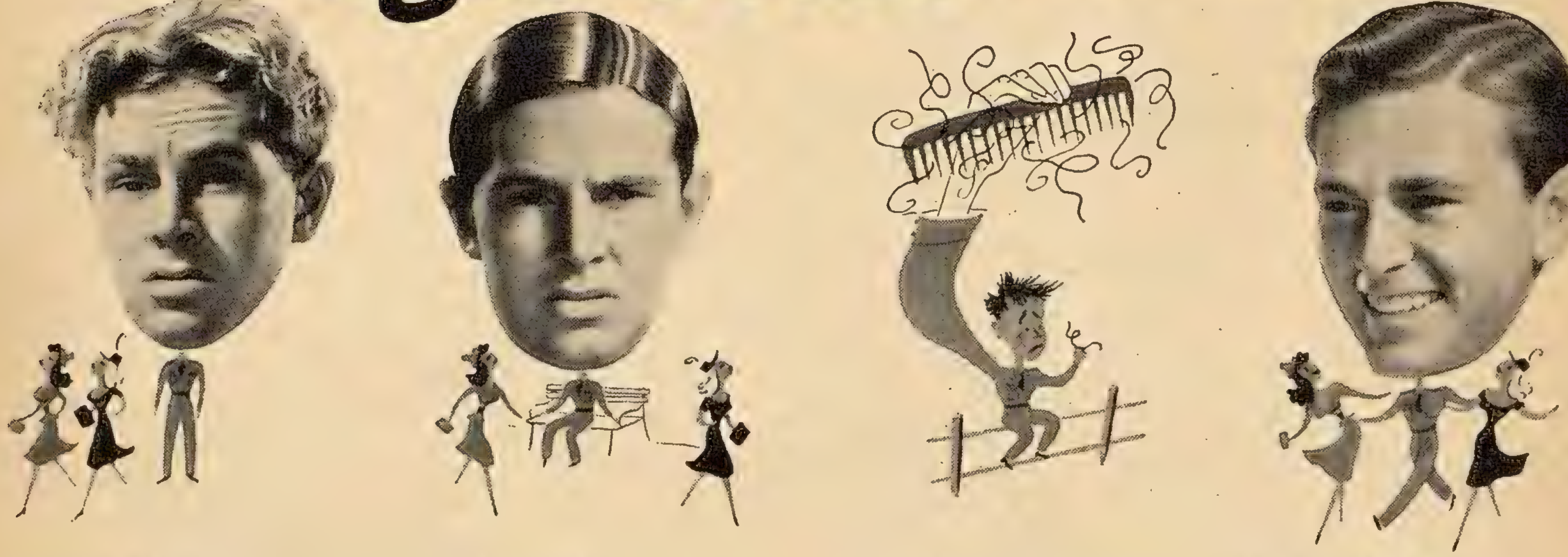
Nice goin', Poppers—nobody can fool *you.*—VOX POP EDITOR.

SAY, YOU REALLY GET WORKED UP

APPLE RIVER, ILL.—Ted Shane's puzzles *are* goofy—so goofy that they're good. Once I worked one all the way, and I strutted so every one hated me—even more than usual. But I still keep pegging away at them, wasting my time, gnashing my teeth (both of them), and alternately cursing and blessing that Shane guy. *Shane on you, Ted!*

The gal with the bulldog grip.—*Irene Gillette.*

"Right Dress" for Private Perkins



HE TRIED WATER: Private Perkins couldn't get to first base with the girls. His hair wouldn't stay put because soaking it with water washed out the natural oils.

HE TRIED GREASE: Perk began to plaster it down with goo. That made him look like a gigolo and he still was "no dice" with the dames. It didn't do his scalp any good, either.

HE TRIED NEGLECT: So Perk gave up, didn't do *anything* with his hair—or with the girls. His comb caught plenty of falling hair and dandruff scales, but he didn't catch any dates.

HE TRIED KREML: When he got wise to Kreml, look what he got on his arm. Now he's using his head for more than a hat rest. What's more, Kreml and massage did things for his dandruff scales and itching scalp.

Ladies! Kreml keeps coiffures lovely, lustrous . . . conditions your hair both *before* and *after* permanents.

Hair-Care Combination: Use Kreml Hair Tonic and gentle Kreml Shampoo (made from an 80% olive oil base) that cleanses thoroughly, leaves your hair more manageable. Ask your barber for an application. *Get BOTH at your drugstore.*

DON'T USE WATER USE

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES
HELPS CHECK EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

YOU GOTTA HAVE CONTACTS

If you met a man like this— and maybe you have — wouldn't you be tempted to do what John Haley did?

BY EDWARD S. WILLIAMS

HE picked up the hitchhiker outside of Fredericksburg, on Route 1.

It was a sudden impulse, Rumbaugh said. He wasn't in the habit of picking up bums. But it had been a long drive and he wanted somebody to talk to.

He told the cops that when they picked him up out of the ditch, later, and took him to the hospital. But he hadn't been robbed, and the gas and whisky angle was peculiar. It was a peculiar case anyway. . . .

Rumbaugh put his foot on the brake pedal and his speeding car came to a halt a hundred yards ahead of the walking man. Hugh Rumbaugh turned his soft fat body and waved a thick arm in a gesture to come on, to hurry. Rumbaugh's prominent pale-blue eyes scanned a shabby figure: small, hatless, tieless, coat over one arm and a paper-wrapped bundle under the other. The man's face was raw with new sunburn, as though he had been confined, or ill, for some time, and his skin was tender. He limped when he ran, but Rumbaugh didn't back up. Let the bum come to him.

He waited, drumming his fat soft fingers on the wheel of his fine sedan. The little man hop-skipped to the right front door and Rumbaugh saw a short-nosed, wide-mouthed, gray-eyed face that was neither young nor old, neither handsome nor ugly, that might have been a composite of all the day laborers, hack drivers, the jackleg mechanics, carpenters, plumbers of America.

"O. K., bud. Get in and snap it up," Rumbaugh said. "I'm in a hurry. How far you going?"

"Thanks, mister," the small man said. "Baltimore. You goin' through?"

He got in stiffly, obviously trying to hurry, although his game leg bothered him. Rumbaugh saw ropy muscles swell in his neck and bare arms as he pulled himself onto the seat and closed the door. His shoes were broken across the toes; his pants were faded and patched clumsily. Rumbaugh remembered all that later. He gave it to the cops in detail, but it threw no light on the main mystery, and it would have fitted so many men. . . .

Rumbaugh trod down on the gas and the car picked up speed smoothly. The speedometer needle found sixty-five and hovered between there and seventy. Rumbaugh said:

"No—Washington's as far as I'm going now. Gotta see a senator about a contract. Knit goods—for the army. May go on to New York later—for the week-end." He winked and laughed. "What's your line, brother?"

The small man said, "I'm sort of a plumber, I guess you'd call it. But—well, they gave me a steamfitter's rating when I . . ."

Rumbaugh chuckled. He nudged a fat elbow into the small man's ribs. "That's the stuff, pal! Knew somebody, eh? That's all it takes. . . . Now you take me—ah—what'd you say your name was?"

"Haley—John Haley." He hadn't said, but he didn't point it out.

"You take me, Jack. I saw this coming two-three years ago. I said to myself then, what's it going to mean to me? I was nothing but a salesman on the road, but I saw how it was going to kill private business. I even saw myself in the army—I'm only thirty-four . . . so what'd I do?

"I knew a man," he answered himself. "He got me transferred to the office. See? Key man—deferred. And inside. . . . Lend-lease for Russia—the damn British—China. Then army contracts. Millions in it. . . . How'd I do it?"

He smiled on John Haley and the little man's eyes slid uneasily away, and went out ahead of the car.

"Contacts!" Rumbaugh said triumphantly. "You gotta have contacts. Contacts for contracts—there's the secret. Same as you, only on a larger scale. . . . You knew somebody that got you hiked from a plain plumber to a steamfitter. And a steamfitter's wages ain't chicken feed, are they, Jack? How come you're on the road?"

John Haley's eyes turned toward Rumbaugh, but they didn't quite meet his pale bulbous stare. "I got hurt," Haley said.

"How?" The question was merely curious, not especially sympathetic.

"It was—sort of an explosion."

"Uh-huh. Tough, too, times like these, when money's easy. Got plenty of compensation, though, didn't you?"

Haley said, "They took care of me all right."

"Sure—that's the stuff." Rumbaugh lost interest again in John Haley. "Now you take this senator I was telling you about. He can get me the right contact—the one I need to land another big government order. I know his son—went to school with him—fraternity brother and all that. That's what counts. That's . . ."

John Haley looked at the needle of the speedometer, standing at seventy miles an hour. He looked at the gas indicator; the tank showed less than quarter full. He got a whiff of raw gasoline now and then and it made him cold and sick. He knew that smell; it brought back memories. . . .

He stared ahead and saw Joe's face in the wavering heat mirage on the concrete. He saw Elly's face everywhere he looked—in the fields—in the patches of standing timber—in the pale blurred faces of women in the towns they passed through. Once he saw a woman pushing a baby carriage and he thought of Elly's baby. . . .

Rumbaugh said, "So I get to the senator through his son, and I get to the man I want through the senator. Contact—contract! . . . Open the glove compartment. You'll find a bottle in there. You look like a drink would do you good."

ILLUSTRATED BY KEITH WARD

Haley obeyed silently. He wanted that drink. Since noon he had been walking—on coffee and doughnuts. He had a quarter left for something to eat that night in Washington. But it was some time to Washington, even at the clip this man was driving. A drink would really pick him up.

But he took the cork out and handed the bottle over to Rumbaugh without drinking, without looking at him.

Rumbaugh said, "Go ahead—kill it. I've got plenty more in the trunk. Know a fellow who gets it for me cheap—two fifty a bottle in case lots. There you are again—contacts. I got 'em. . . . Go on—drink it!"

Haley hesitated. He wanted it. He tilted the bottle to his mouth.

Rumbaugh said, "They talk about shortages. That stuff. The Limeys're still bringing it over by the shipload to pay for the stuff they're getting from us. Part pay, that is. We'll never see the most of it—like last time—and that's all the more reason for getting yours while the getting's good. When this war's over, they'll . . ."

Bringing it over, John Haley thought, by the shipload. Ships with men aboard not knowing what minute might bring swift torpedoes and death.

He saw Joe again in the red haze of sunset, and in the redder haze of the anger that he thought he could not stand any longer. He saw Elly's haunted eyes and drawn face, and Elly's baby. His hand went to the door handle, paused. . . . He couldn't get out at seventy miles an hour. He had to be in Baltimore by morning.

Rumbaugh said, "Better stop a minute, I guess, Jack. There's a woods road up ahead that'll do."

He winked at John Haley, and Haley said nothing, wondering. Rumbaugh slowed, turned into the side road, and stopped. He got out and opened his trunk. He grinned at Haley.

"Gas?" he said. "Got plenty. They'd only give me a B-3 card—I fell down there—but I got a contact with a dealer back home. There's no gas shortage if you know the right . . . Hey! What's the matter with you? What . . ."

John Haley's fist clubbed as hard as he could drive it into that fat face. Rumbaugh dropped the five-gallon can of gasoline. He reeled back and fell, and came up cursing, bellowing. John Haley kicked him in the face while he was still on his haunches.

He felt no compunction about that, no mercy, as he threw himself on Rumbaugh's body. He sent his fists thudding into that bloody face long after the man lay inert and helpless, after his own blows had lost their force in exhaustion. When he rose, to stand panting, sobbing, looking at his handiwork, he still felt no regret.

John Haley didn't even wonder if he'd killed him. He wouldn't have been sorry for that either. He washed the blood off his hands, his clothes, in the gas that still ran from the overturned can. He reached into the trunk and tipped over the other two cans and opened their spouts. One after another he smashed the eleven remaining bottles of whisky against the rear bumper.

It was not waste to John Haley; it was a salute to dead men. Those British seamen hadn't brought that Scotch across three thousand miles of danger for such as this. American seamen weren't bringing gas a thousand deadly miles for such as this. It was English blood and American blood this fat man swilled so cheaply and burned so generously in his car . . . Joe's blood . . .

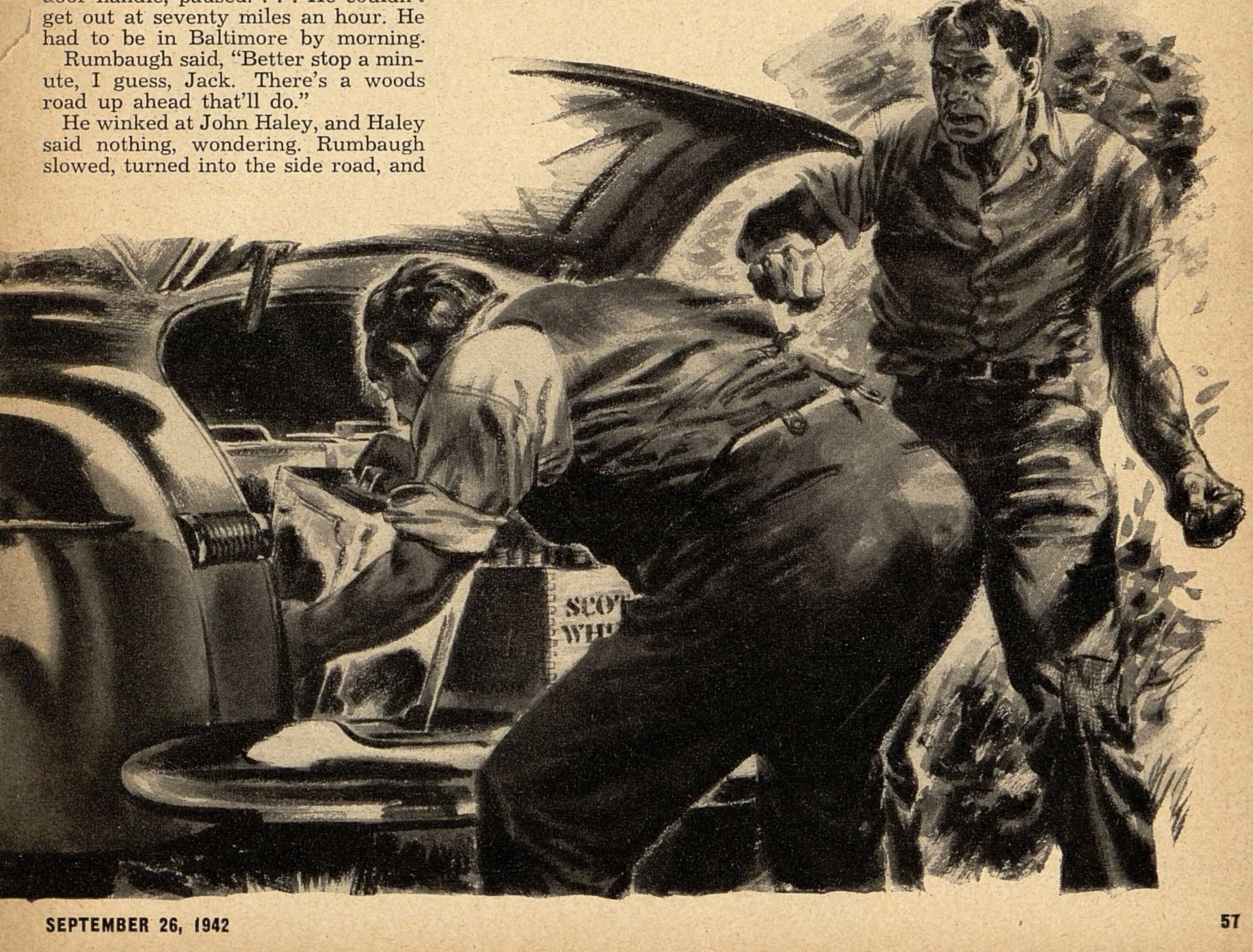
John Haley turned and walked to the highway. He was lucky: a truck picked him up within a mile—one going through to Baltimore.

At midnight he went aboard the tanker and reported for duty. At dawn she sailed. She was a new ship and Joe Blake was not aboard her, and it would be hard without Joe. Joe had gone down when their last ship had been torpedoed, when Haley's leg had been broken. Elly was a widow now, and Elly's boy would never see his father. Elly was John Haley's sister.

It was for them that he brought the gas—for the planes and tanks that would keep them safe. For the planes and tanks that maybe, somehow, when it was over, might fix it so there wouldn't be another war.

THE END

"Gas?" he said. "Got plenty—I got a contact with a dealer. There's no shortage if you—"



TELETYPE TIPS

Advice from inside Washington on trends that will affect our daily lives

THE GOVERNMENT STILL ISN'T READY TO TELL YOU HOW MANY MEN IT WILL NEED IN ARMY SERVICE BEFORE VICTORY CAN BE ACHIEVED.

MARRIED WOMEN WITHOUT CHILDREN SHOULD TAKE SELECTIVE SERVICE WARNINGS SERIOUSLY AND BEGIN JOB HUNTING AT ONCE IF UNABLE TO MAKE OTHER ARRANGEMENTS FOR SELF-SUPPORT FOR DURATION. BOYS BETWEEN AGES OF 18 AND 19 WHO ENTER COLLEGE THIS FALL STAND FOUR-TO-ONE CHANCE OF BEING DRAFTED BEFORE YEAR IS OUT. NON-COLLEGE YOUTHS IN THIS AGE BRACKET ARE CERTAIN TO BE DRAFTED. ARMY CAN BE EXPECTED TO WEED OUT PHYSICALLY UNFIT MEN IN GREAT NUMBERS SHORTLY. THEY WILL RECEIVE HONORABLE DISCHARGES.

MEAT RATIONING IDEAS ARE STILL VAGUE. BIG QUESTION IS WHETHER YOU WILL GET A WEEKLY POUNDAGE ALLOWANCE OR WHETHER YOU WILL ONLY BE PERMITTED TO BUY ACCORDING TO A LIMITED DOLLAR-AND-CENTS ALLOWANCE PER MEMBER OF YOUR FAMILY EACH WEEK.

SHORTAGE OF RAIL SHIPPING FACILITIES AND VAST EXPANSION OF EGG-PRODUCING INDUSTRY MEANS YOU WILL PROBABLY BE EATING DRIED EGGS IF YOU LIVE FAR FROM EGG-PRODUCING AREAS A YEAR FROM NOW. YOUR SWEET TOOTH WILL SUFFER BECAUSE OF INCREASING COCOA SHORTAGE. SHORTAGE OF COCONUT OIL WILL ALSO AFFECT YOUR SWEET TOOTH. RECENT ARRIVAL OF LARGE AFRICAN COCOA SHIPMENT WILL STAVE OFF CHOCOLATE SHORTAGE BRIEFLY—BUT NOT INDEFINITELY.

WPB EXPECTS WOMEN'S HANDBAGS AND LEATHER GOODS WILL BE SMALLER THIS YEAR BECAUSE OF SHORTAGE OF ZIPPERS, LEATHER, AND TEXTILES. LUMBER SHORTAGE ALSO REPORTED BECOMING CRITICAL WITH FURNITURE SUPPLIES GRADUALLY GOING DOWN.

OPA BELIEVES THAT YOUR SUGAR RATION DURING THE FIRST NINE MONTHS OF 1943 WILL BE AT LEAST EQUAL TO WHAT YOU ARE RECEIVING NOW.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

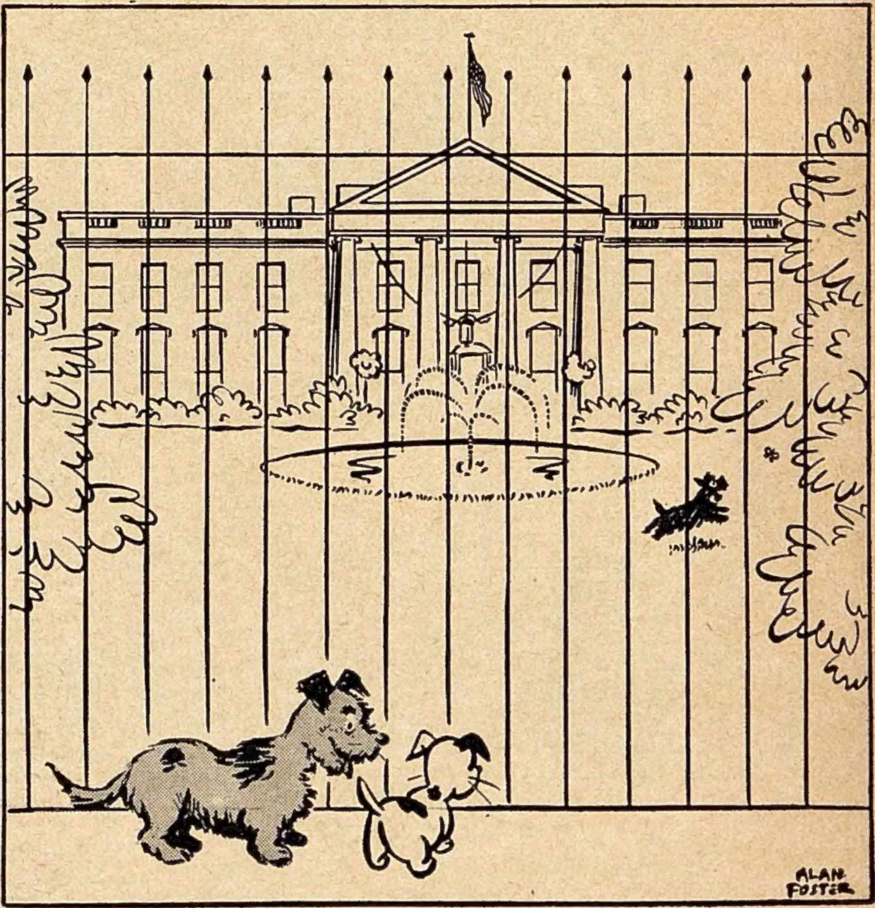
MAJOR GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT, who occupies page 9 and some other pages this week, is no newcomer to Liberty. Remember this?

"We could hear the roar of planes now, could hear it distinctly. There were small, fast single-seaters, fighting planes in excellent formation. Far behind were formations of other planes, undoubtedly bombers for whom the fighters were to clear the way. . . . Hendrick was taking off. A second plane was after him. And then a third. Up they went, straight at that first V of the Japanese. I could see the red rays of the rising sun on the wing tips of the oncoming fleet. . . . Squadrons of Japanese planes blanketed the sky. Planes dropped out of the confusion of silver wings and fiery lines that flashed across the blue. Then the Japanese air fleet passed on overhead, and I was sobbing like a baby. From far away I heard the mild thunder of exploding bombs. I fancied I could see those planes droning over the airdrome in perfect formation, laying their eggs. . . . The planes were coming back. Already they had blotted out the sun. One squadron detached itself from the others, swerved south toward Honolulu, coming to bomb the naval station. Bombs rained all about us. Fires surged up in a dozen places. Waterspouts shot high up from the placid water of the harbor. Piers cracked and splintered and started to burn. Presently men were going about with stretchers, taking the wounded to the hospitals, removing the bodies, fighting the fires, policing the grounds. . . ."

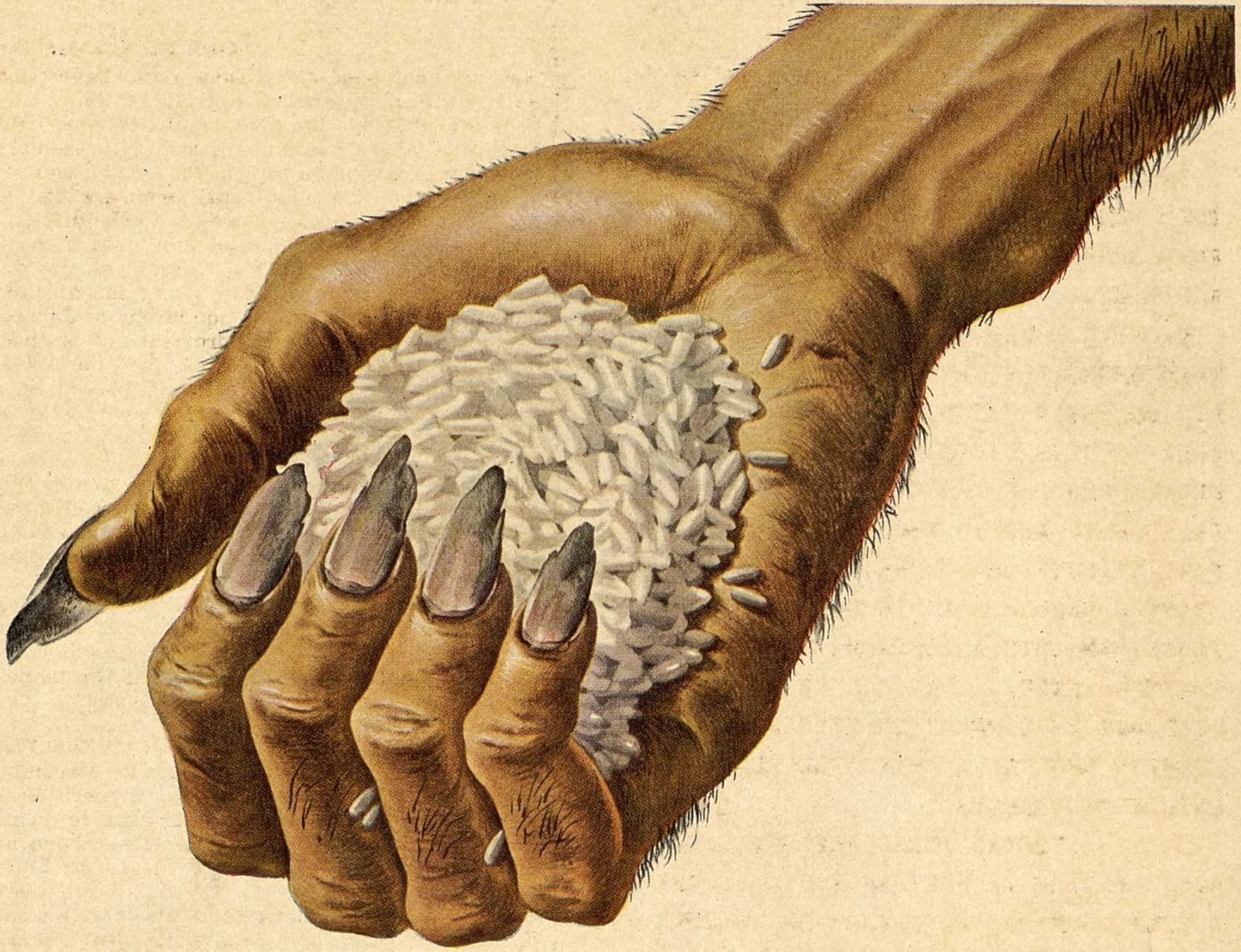
A VIVID AND MEASURABLY ACCURATE description of a tragic day in Hawaii—December 7, 1941. But it was not written in 1941. It was written in the late winter of 1936—nearly six years before Pearl Harbor. As many of you will recall, the lines above are from a novel which Liberty published that year. Folks thought it fantastic fiction then. . . . But the author was not a man given to flights of imagination. He was this same Major George Fielding Eliot. And, with what seems ominous foresight, the novel was entitled Without Warning.

The Editors

FALA



"See, Joey? That's him. You watch your Ps and Qs and some day you might grow up to be a President's dog."



"No thanks!"

THIS is the hand of Japan and the dictator nations . . . not a pretty hand.

It offers the world a starvation diet . . . starvation of body and mind and soul.

Boastfully it presents its standard of living and its standard of thinking.

America says "No thanks" with thousands upon thousands of planes and tanks and warships.

We, of The Texas Company, say "No thanks" with millions of gallons of 100-octane gasoline for our war planes. We say "No thanks" by building vast new plants to produce Toluene, vital in making highly explosive TNT . . . and to produce Butadiene for synthetic rubber.

We have turned the knowledge and skill gained in making Texaco Fire-Chief and Sky Chief Gasolines to the large scale production of these wartime necessities.

So it has been with all American business. From strength built in peacetime comes the force of the mighty "NO" which today rises from the throat of industry.

TEXACO
REG.T.M.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

2
Chesterfield
Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

from Here to Victory

It's Chesterfield

the cooler, better-tasting, definitely milder cigarette

When there's a job on hand a good cigarette is mighty comforting to have along . . . and Chesterfields are *on the beam* with the one and only Right Combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos. It's the combination that smokers quickly find to their liking and count on to give them everything it takes to Satisfy.

Make your next pack Chesterfield . . . enjoy more smoking pleasure with the full knowledge that regardless of price there is no better cigarette made today. *They Satisfy*

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